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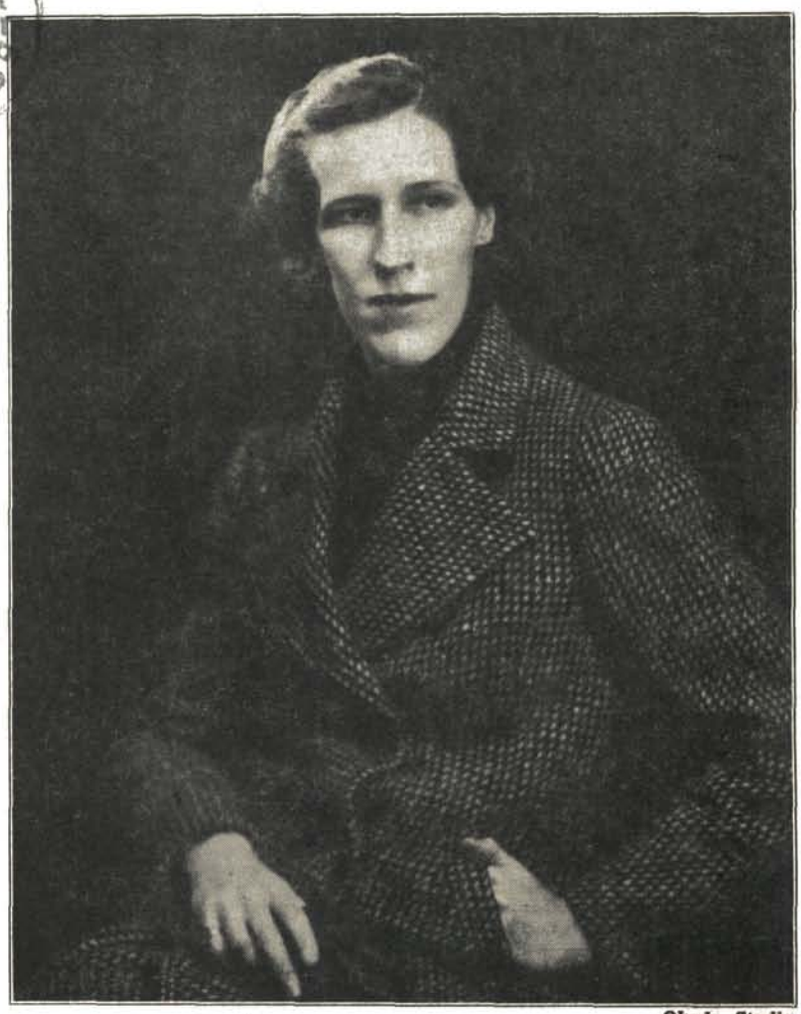

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(See page 5)

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Letters on the Pacific Rim

BY IDWAL JONES

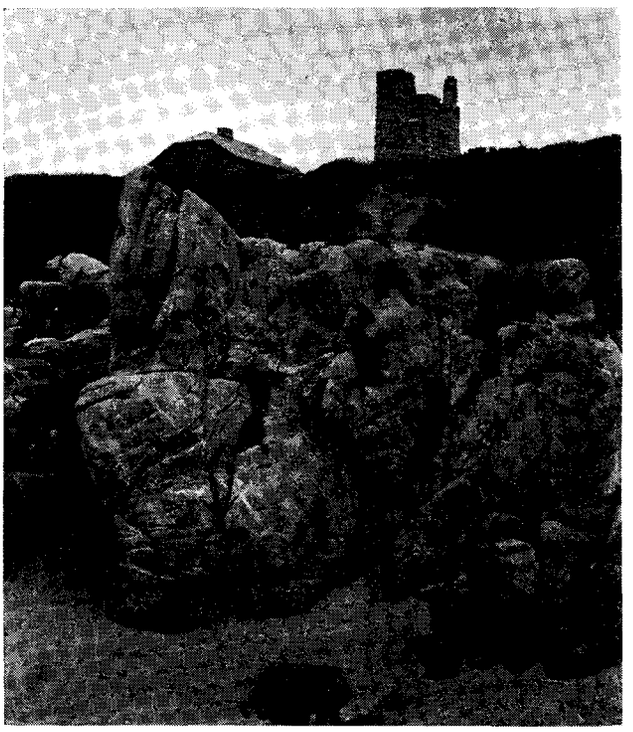
THE painter, lean, sardonic, thong-brown after months on the desert, stowed his traps into our car at the Arizona line, and we headed for Imperial Valley, over sand as hot as the hearth of a reverberatory furnace. The heat waves jangled waist-high to the Joshua trees at the far, chrome horizon, giving us the illusion that we were peering through steam.

"The whole damned country is drying up," he said, more sardonic than usual. "The engineers will tell you that. Before the century is out, plane travelers will look down and see Boulder Dam in dust, grinning like a skull. O, Volney! O, Ruins of Empire! The desert will have had its joke. But I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

He was one type of the frontier mind: cheerful and tough, rational and a little sly. It flourishes in California, not because it is indigenous—naught is indigenous in California, we are all transients save the Indians and the cactus—but because all types of mind, all religions, all enthusiasms, cults flourish in the State, though no Linnæus has yet girded himself for the task of classifying its emotional flora. This type, also, is overlaid by too many other growths, almost choked out. Most of the voices on the Coast are in the key of reclame, frenzied dithyrambs to the mediocre.

The "frontier mind" was once all of a piece—back in the Missouri of the Jackson era, in the old Cherokee strip, in the Middle West before Ned Buntline. When the frontier rang with the axe strokes, corn was planted in the clearings, and after a season of it, there would be another push for the beyond. That was at the heart of it all—a faith in what was beyond.

Long since the Divide has been crossed, the forests have been chopped down, the trails all blazed. The migratory instinct, if followed, can now only lead one into the surf and the line of hamburger booths, dingy and post-Periclean, at Santa Monica. So the frontier, or pioneering, mind is thrown back upon itself and no longer upon the abstract concept of the Beyond. And we have a terminal psychology. It grows mystical over concrete, macadam routes, new oil pipe-lines, Cyclopean bridge pylons, the girths of fat cables. Not man and his wayfaring is lauded, but the works of man, subsidized and neatly finished.



TOR HOUSE AND HAWK TOWER
Robinson Jeffers's home at Carmel, California.

The Western mind has been showing a dreadful affinity for this sort of thing. It is a sprouting of the new economics. It is blissful to think that nobody in Tibet could possibly grow mystical over a dam, and that no good Mohammedan could wax rhapsodic over a waterworks, however badly it was needed. But we are all in for it now. It may be that ahead of us sterility lies, that we may hope for good reportage and a little satire, but not for literature. The Russians, who have been shifting immense piles of concrete and steel all over the place for the last twenty years, have achieved nothing but Philistinism. Some of us wouldn't exchange the whole boiling of their industrial novels for George Kennan's remote and solitary adventures in "Tent Life in Siberia," which celebrates nothing at all except an inviolable tundra.

California is the microcosm of the United States. Let anything happen in the rest of the country, in Arkansas or Maine, and there is instant repercussion inside its borders. It has absorbed the frontier; it has become the national hot-bed and testing-ground. Hardly anyone has described this aspect of California so well as Farnsworth Crowder in "Westways" did the other month: "Here American institutions sharpen into focus so startling as to give the effect, sometimes, of caricature. Here the socio-economic class conflict is vividly posed in burning silhouettes against the walls of the factory and the hinterland. Here American scholarship and research are at their best, American cults and quasi-religions at their shabby and shallow worst; here America's indignant soapboxers and pamphleteers, her bigots self-surrendered to some oversimplified ideal, its scared reactionaries and its grim standpatters; its baronical aristocracy, its patient poor and its sober, good-natured, self-centered middle class; its promoters, racketeers, opportunists, and politicians; its fagged-out oldsters and its brash, raw youths. . . . What America is, California is, with accents, in italics."

In a degree, and rightly, this has since the days just before the war been a conception of the State, and it has been truer since the decay of individualism and the new intensity of life in groups. Truer still in respect of the southern area; far less so as regards the northern.

But let it not be thought that the literature was ever moonstruck and aberrant. California has not tolerated eccentricity in her belles lettres. She took herself always *au grand sérieux*, and in her early Nordic phase was no lag of the Barbaric nor the mixed Iberian Age. As soon as the first nugget was turned up, the East moved in solidly, in a heavy flood of ormolu and mahogany, and imposed so

Next Week

THE AVON FLOWS
By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
Reviewed by Christopher Morley

HERE'S TO CRIME
By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
Reviewed by Duncan Aikman

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BRET HARTE, JACK LONDON, AND GEORGE STERLING: *two latter photographs by Arnold Genthe, from "As I Remember" (Reynal & Hitchcock).*

deep a silt of culture that the State was ancient inside of a twelvemonth. In the gullies of the Sierra and in the interior valleys there was a roving and crepitant energy, but not in San Francisco, which had a pride in the transplanted order.

Elsewhere at that period, gusto and exaggeration were the prerogatives of the journalist and the guerilla prose-man, who became tame enough in the vapors at the Golden Gate. Even Mark Twain, when he hurried there "between two days" after a little trouble with the Nevada police, got his hair clipped, assumed the prevalent "gentlemancy," and wrote nothing in California except his version of the Leaping Frog folk-tale. The style of all writers was elegant, slightly oppressive, and somewhat in the key of *Blackwood's,* or the *Edinburgh Review.* The editors were classicists, no printer set up shop without a font of Greek type, and the most renowned saloon of that period, Barry and Patten's, where the urbanity of letters was cherished, was another Will's Coffee House.

Francis Bret Harte, the Homer of that presumably roaring age, was essentially an urban creature, and never strayed out of the town if he could help it. He made one brief and unpleasant trip to the foothills, which gave him all the first-hand color he wanted; and thereafter, for twelve years, a pomaded, waspish petit-maître, loathing the place, kept to his haunts and took his biens where he found them. His one literary souvenir of the trip was "A Night at Wingdam." He stayed in the region that he made forever his only a week, and for a day, wearing high collar and patent-leather shoes, dug in a claim at the foot of Table Mountain—its owner, an ancient friend of mine, James Sloniker, once pointed out the hole to me—then flung down his pick at sundown, boarded a stage, and nevermore returned.

Harte is read now less than ever before. But as a mythos he has grown. So with Jack London, Robert Louis Stevenson, whose depiction of Napa Valley in "Silverado Squatters" is matchless, and so now with George Sterling, the poet, whose bleak, curlew-voiced muse has been stilled these ten years. So with Ambrose Bierce, whose best, lost in a ton of dry chaff, was good indeed. The critics have lowered his stature considerably, but very few of them have read all his stories, notably the tales of strange disappearances, written with such economy, and such deft and sudden release of horror, that it must be granted we have had no other master of the macabre to stand after Poe. It is the tragedy of Bierce that his finest work should be left to oxydize in the "complete works" cemented together by a local bookseller.

Harte, Stevenson, Bierce, and Sterling have grown as personalities, and long ago become demi-gods. As Californians, they did their finest work when writing of the preceding age, brief though that age was. Harte wrote mostly of the nostalgic old man left in the cracks of the Sierra after the placers were leached out, or of the fifties, which by the end of the decade was already the classic age, quaint and incredible.

What is demonstrated is that literature must have roots in the past—and California has but a pinch of that, no more than ninety years. The Spanish interregnum between the Indians and the gold rush counts for nothing. It is too remote, vague and alien, with no links beyond a few artifacts, some adobes, and a handful of place-names—the stock-in-trade of professional sentimentalists, and generally suspect.

The truth is that California is in the grip of mortmain, under thrall of a fascinating past which it looks back upon with regret and sad pride. It is as if the heart of the State, from the Yuba to the Southern Mines, went out with a sigh in the eighteen-sixties. The region is still there, with its ochre-red earth and vivid grass smoking in the winter rains, and its companies of miners washing for gold on the pine-clad escarpment of the Sierra—a repetition of the Argonaut scene in that earlier and more heroic age. The camps are fairly much the same. But no one writes of them. For there is the dreadful conviction that Harte said it all long ago.

The thralldom is also in the metropolis. Who shall convey the bright and bitter spirit of San Francisco half so well as did W. G. Morrow in "The Absinthe Bottle"? Or write sonnets to it, blown through with the black tule fog, as did its last classic Bohemian, the cameo-faced Sterling?

In the grip of the very real hallucination of the past, much creative spirit has lost belief in itself. Of widely diffused magazines or magazines of the first rank, there are none; the endowed presses at the two universities are the only publishers the East will recognize; and of rendezvous, San Francisco, which still regrets the vanished Bigin's and its smoky Thursday nights, has none. The physical structure of the Commonwealth is so varied that unity is lost. There are, it must be said, a score of Californias. Illimitable veldts tremble under a blasting summer heat; there are vast terrains of lava and scoriæ; steaming deltas where the Oriental farmer is fief to the conquering anopheles; regions as tawny and stone-girt as in Spain; tundras, Nile banks, thousands of square miles of desert, deep in alkali, with mountains of harsh, virile contours, so spectral that they recall delirium or the moon. In the north are magisterial forests, blankets of fog, much winter green, sea-crags under dripping rain, and around Carmel a gran-

(*Continued on page* 15)

LINCOLN STEFFENS, ROBINSON JEFFERS, AND JOHN STEINBECK. *Mr. Steinbeck's forthcoming novel, "Of Mice and Men," is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.*

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"I Write Music for You"

BELOVED FRIEND: the Story of Tschaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck. By Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck. New York: Random House. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by W. J. HENDERSON

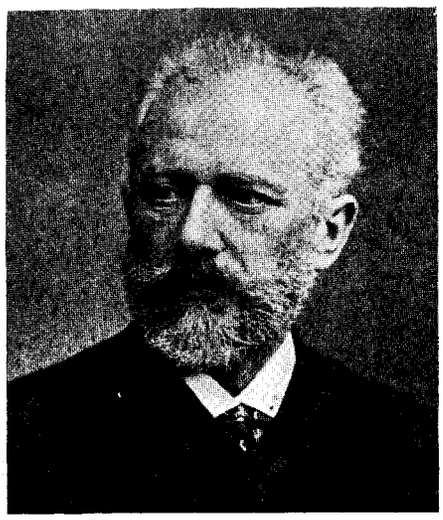
GIVEN a composer of music romantic in its essence, passionate, stormy, and usually unrestrained, and a woman of profound insight, sensitive, delicate in fancy, and breathing love in every utterance, keep these two ever apart yet in communication with the uttermost candor, and you have a tale attractive to minds even sluggish, and to responsive souls, comprehending minds, and imaginative youth, completely fascinating. Peter Ilyich Tschaikowsky apparently had no reserve. What was in his soul was certain to be revealed and there are pages of his music which are little short of cries of agony. But the larger part of his artistic output is distinctly the product of a musical mind working under artistic impulse alone. Tschaikowsky is not agonizing in such compositions as the third suite, the violin concerto, the fourth symphony.

But like many other perverts—for this genius was a pervert—he spent too much of his time in examining his own emotional states and regarding them with deep pain. His ever present help in all his own troubles was Nadejda von Meck, to whom he poured out his endless confessions and complaints, and who perhaps understood him as no one else ever did, or was herself—possibly unconsciously—a poseur. The relation of these two, who never met, has often been discussed by writers on musical themes, but this new volume, containing many hitherto unpublished letters from both, discloses the entire history of it. Such a book could have been written only with the aid of some one directly connected with the story, and in Mme. Barbara von Meck, granddaughter of Tschaikowsky's "beloved friend," Mrs. Bowen found the key to the treasury of facts.

The more evidence we find, the clearer it becomes that the only companionship with the eternal feminine possible for the composer was one without actual contact. His marriage to Antonina Ivanovna was foredoomed. She immediately became, as he declares, "physically repulsive" to him.

Mrs. Bowen says with fine penetration: "Music alone saved him for manhood and self-respect." We find him eagerly seeking absorption in his compositions. But after he came to know Nadejda von Meck he did a vast amount of attitudinizing, perhaps not fully realizing the theatrical quality of his poses. The production of the fourth symphony gave him a brilliant opportunity. This work, so animated in its sparkling pizzicato ostinato, so burly in the boisterous opening of its finale, did not elicit acclamations from his friends, and so he wrote plaintively to his unseen beloved:

> If it were not for your friendship, which repays me a hundred times for the neglect of my colleagues, I should be disappointed beyond words—desperate. You understand me, dearly loved friend. You understand that having written a big composition, into which I have put my whole soul, I knew that of the crowd which heard the composition there would be only a few who would be able to appreciate it even in part. One consoles oneself with the thought that friends will understand, cheer one, appreciate. And then not a



PETER ILYICH TSCHAIKOWSKY

> word, not one word of congratulation from them. It is painful and very mortifying.

Does the invisible one fail him? Not at all. She writes:

> I quite sympathize with your distress at the neglect of your friends, my dear, my sweet, because I know that the greatest sorrow can come not from enemies, but from those we count as friends.

And so forward in the tenderest of minor keys, tears answering unto tears, to the every affecting end. And it is all summed up in a letter referring to one of his Paris concerts. He writes:

> You cannot imagine what an effect your praise has upon me; if you only knew how rarely I hear praise. I am so happy that my music moves and touches you. No one has ever said, what you often say, of my music. Always now when I write anything, I have you in mind, wondering what will stir you, what will leave you untouched. A famous actor said that he always selected one sympathetic person from the audience and played for him. I write music for you.

Perhaps we should put the proverbial grain of salt on this statement. It may be that Tschaikowsky liked to delude himself with the fancy that he thought only of Nadejda when he composed; but, since the domination of the ego in every great artist has been so frequently and convincingly demonstrated, the musician's declaration is hard to believe. The "Pathetic" symphony was not written before his connection with Mme. von Meck was ended. One might question whether it was the outcome of the termination of the strange friendship. But the truth is that the relation faded away in Tschaikowsky's latter years, and at the time of his visit to this country excuses were profferred for Nadejda's silence. She did not write; she was very ill and could not. So was Tschaikowsky ill, though he did not know it. His last days were close at hand. Those days make a sad chapter in this profoundly interesting book. Mrs. Bowen has done her work well. The volume is a most valuable addition to the knowledge we possess of the celebrated Russian composer and to the large record of the peculiarities of men of genius.

W. J. Henderson is the music critic of the New York Sun.

Primitive Women

WOMEN CALLED WILD. By Rosita Forbes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by JULIAN W. FEISS

SCRAMBLE the seventeen volumes of Burton's translation of "The Arabian Nights." Mix with this the three volumes of Frazer's "Golden Bough" and add a dash of Rosita Forbes to the result, condense to a single volume, and digest the product.

The harem, the women of Arabian slave marts, women of Soviet Russia, Central America, China, Amazonia, Tibet, or Dutch Guiana; all are within the scope of Miss Rosita Forbes's pen. Hates, fears, manners, morals, loves, and tastes—"The Greatest Show on Earth." I do not know how accurate "Women Called Wild" is in regard to anthropological data, but irrespective of this questionable issue, "Women Called Wild" is most entertaining reading.

Rosita Forbes requires no introduction. Her journeys of exploration in the Sahara have been accomplishments that speak for themselves and her former books all bear the mark of interest. Unquestionably a woman can secure information that would be difficult for a man under circumstances as they exist in many parts of the world and especially in the Orient. A woman is able to enter the inner sanctum of the harem in Tunis, Syria, and Tripoli. Perhaps the real value of the book lies in the picture Rosita Forbes presents of the inner and more secret life behind the scenes and irrespective of the accuracy of her observations, "Women Called Wild" is a fascinating account written by a remarkable woman.

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The Voice with the Smile

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE. By Dale Carnegie. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES THURBER

DALE CARNEGIE, according to his friend and pupil, Mr. Lowell Thomas, who wrote the preface to this book, was born on a Missouri farm forty-six years ago. He went to State Teachers' College, riding horseback the three miles from the farm. At home he did the heavy chores, studied by a coal-oil lamp till midnight, got up at three to feed his father's pedigreed pigs. He was mainly interested in logic, argumentation, and debate. He got so he won, finally, "every speaking contest in college." After some years as a crack salesman of correspondence courses, and of bacon, soap, and lard, he studied at the American Academy of Arts in New York and "toured the country playing the role of Dr. Hartley in 'Polly of the Circus.'" He went from that into selling trucks and then he began to teach public speaking in the Y.M.C.A. schools of New York. "Today," says Mr. Thomas, "far more adults come to Dale Carnegie for training in public speaking than go to all the extension courses in public speaking conducted by all the twenty-two colleges and universities located in New York City." Mr. Thomas says that Carnegie has criticized 150,000 speeches, or "one for almost every day that has passed since Columbus discovered America." During the past twenty-five years Mr. Carnegie has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men, including employees and executives of the Westinghouse Company, the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, and the New York Telephone Company.

"In preparation for this book," writes Mr. Carnegie, "I read everything that I could find on the subject—everything from Dorothy Dix, the divorce-court records, and *The Parents' Magazine,* to Professor Overstreet, Alfred Adler, and William James. . . . I hired a trained research man to spend one and a half years in various libraries reading everything I had missed . . . erudite tomes on psychology, hundreds of magazine articles . . . countless biographies. . . . I personally interviewed scores of successful people . . . Marconi, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Owen D. Young, Clark Gable, Mary Pickford . . ."

In this book you will find the secret of Jim Farley's success, the turning point in Hall Caine's life, why Andrew Carnegie paid Charles Schwab a million dollars a year, and Adela Rogers St. John's analysis of the Mdivani charm for women. At the end there is a list of nine books on sex life and marriage and ten rules for wives and ten for husbands. Everywhere there are things like this: "The next time we are tempted to give somebody 'hail Columbia' let's pull a five-dollar bill out of our pocket, look at Lincoln's picture on the bill, and ask, 'How would Lincoln handle this problem if he had it?'" And this: "Flattery is from the teeth out. Sincere appreciation is from the heart out. No! No! No! I am not suggesting flattery! Far from it. I'm talking about a new way of life. Let me repeat: *I'm talking about a new way of life.*" That new way of life is incorporated in a set of rules, of which these are a few: "Smile," "Remember that a man's name to him is the sweetest and most important sound in the English language," "Make the other person feel important and do it sincerely," "Never tell a man he is wrong," "Get the other person saying 'yes, yes' immediately." One chapter is entitled "How to Make People Like You Instantly," another "A Quick Way to Make Everybody Happy." I think that gives you the idea.

DALE CARNEGIE

Mr. Carnegie prints proudly this case history of one of his pupils, "a sophisticated, worldly-wise stockbroker."

> I have been married for over eighteen years and in all that time I have seldom, until last week, smiled at my wife or spoken two dozen words to her from the time I got up until I was ready to leave for business. . . . Since you asked me to make a talk about my experience with smiles, I thought I would try it for a week. So the next morning . . . I looked at my glum mug in the mirror and said to myself, "Bill, you are going to wipe the scowl off that sour puss of yours today." . . . I greeted my wife with a "Good morning, my dear," and smiled as I said it. You warned me that she might be surprised. Well, you underestimated her reaction. She was bewildered. She was shocked.

I think that also gives you the idea.

Mr. Carnegie loudly protests that one can be sincere and at the same time versed in the tricks of influencing people. Unfortunately, the disingenuities in his set of rules and in his case histories stand out like ghosts at a banquet. Mr. Carnegie, I gather, is a bit touchy on this point. He relates that, in addressing an audience one night, he told them of how he had once, out of sheer kindliness, said to a postoffice clerk, "I certainly wish I had your head of hair." One of Mr. Carnegie's listeners, who had apparently come to learn about how to influence people, how to get what you're after, asked, naturally enough, it seems to me, "What did you want to get out of him?" Writes Mr. Carnegie: "What was I trying to get out of him!!! Great God Almighty!!!" Steady on, Mr. Carnegie. Remember "Smile," and some of your other rules, and also one of mine: exclamation points, even three in a row, do not successfully convey depth of sincerity or intensity of feeling.

James Thurber, well known both as a writer and a cartoonist, is the author of several books, including "The Seal in the Bedroom" and "The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Aristocratic Tourists

GRAND TOUR. Edited by R. S. Lambert. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

TRAVELERS should be charmed by this entertaining account of how the Grand Tour of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was performed in Europe, of the trials endured and the beauty snubbed by aristocratic tourists.

In chapters by seven careful historians Mr. Lambert here shows a composite Grand Tourist on his way. He traveled by carriage or diligence through France, stopping in Paris to visit the Louvre, the churches, and the Hôtel Dieu, where the patients lay two in a bed, through Switzerland to see glaciers, and over the Mont Cenis into Italy to study music and art. Germany was rarely visited; Cologne, until about 1840, was so uninviting that William Beckford wrote of its inhabitants: "they care not a hair of an ass's ear whether their houses be gloomy and ill contrived, their pavements overgrown with weeds, and their shops with filthiness, provided the carcasses of Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar might be preserved with decorum."

Not until the roads were at last improved and the brigands dispersed, in the early nineteen hundreds, did tourists slowly begin to visit the baths of Germany, to sail down the Rhine, and come in properly awe-struck groups to gaze

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upon the bones of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins. But Germany was never really of the Grand Tour; it cost far too much to live in chimneyless hostels where the smoke went out of the windows and the cattle came into your bed. In France and Italy, with slightly better conditions, it was expensive enough; Gibbon drew £900 for a year abroad, though less fussy tourists such as Gray and Dr. Johnson (who would speak only Latin to foreigners) contrived with somewhat less. The English and Americans were being rooked even then.

The sons of the rich went forth, accoutred with several telescopes, a pneumatic bath tub, and father's injunction to broaden their minds no matter how, so long as they shied clear of Popery. Thus they minced across the social crust of Europe, carefully dodging everything that smacked of the actual earth. One didn't tour for scenery then. The earth's beauty was largely ignored by travelers until Byron and Ruskin guided them to it. Venice was the thing; buildings, costumes, art. It seemed the mode of snobbery, rather than English chauvinism, to belittle Bologna as "that celebrated mart of lap-dogs and sausages," to cry with Gray that Florence was "an excellent place to employ all one's animal sensations in," while noisily viewing the Pitti Gallery and the Medici Chapel, the latter "a fine frippery to commemorate fifty rotten and forgotten carcases." The carcasses of the past considerably exercised these pretty gentlemen; the Scotchman's skin, dried and displayed in Germany, was of more worth to them, as meat for conversation, than the Alpine clouds which Addison loved. Reading of them in this excellent budget of articles and ancient prints, it becomes clear that the early tourists in Europe gave the natives cause to despise them. The book should serve as sermon and inspiration to all travelers abroad.

Tudor Naval Exploits

ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN. By Douglas Bell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1936. $3.

THERE is always room for one more book about the exploits of Elizabethan seamen. This one combines a retelling of some of the best stories from Hakluyt and other contemporary narratives with information about the Tudor navy drawn from Sir Julian Corbett's classic studies and from more modern researches. Most of the material is familiar, and neither style nor scholarship rises above a pedestrian level, but the summary of English maratime exploration and naval warfare in the sixteenth century is compact, coherent, and usually reliable. An index and a brief bibliography help to make this a useful guide to more detailed accounts and to the immortal tales of the great Elizabethans themselves.

Hand-Painted History

THE HUNDRED YEARS. By Philip Guedalla. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE hundred years referred to is the last; the scene, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States; the theme "an attempt to describe the leading movements of the last century as they affected the leading units of the Western world." That is a portentous announcement, but Mr. Guedalla is the Puck of historians; he can put a girdle round the earth in the flick of a page, and to any but Macfadden readers the hundred years is no more than three or four agreeable hours under his genial guidance. His first section, for instance, "1837" opens with an inimitable passage in which the dawn rolls westward across Europe, shining chiefly upon the Czar, Metternich, and certain picturesque sentinels, then five pages of Kensington palace while Victoria is apprised of her uncle's death, and a glimpse of President Van Buren taking office in a depression; this is followed by a series headed "1848" (Victoria and Albert at home, the end of the Mexican War, the overthrow of Louis Philippe, the Chartists, and a railroad entering Chicago), then 1861 (the liberation of the serfs anticipated, Fort Sumter, the death of Albert), 1871, 1881, 1897, and so in shortening steps to Hitler, President Roosevelt taking office in a depression, and the accession of another British king.

PHILIP GUEDALLA

The leading movements distinguished are mainly the improvements in communication and industry, knitting the world closer together and shedding their golden benefits on all, the principle of nationalism, and the fluctuating advance of democracy in which, in the long run, Mr. Guedalla has unshaken confidence. These movements are not so much described as commented on in pungent epigram: "Dictatorship is only a device by which an air of permanence is lent to temporary retrogressions. . . . For dictatorship is oddly mortal but the revolution lived." And they engage Mr. Guedalla's attention less than personalities. He rarely touches the great figures of the century for more than a paragraph or two, but he has something shrewd and witty to say about each.

With these strands as his cables swung from the towers of some fourteen significant moments, Mr. Guedalla has, he says, "tried to throw a light bridge across the chasm of a hundred years." It is a light bridge, indeed, its fragile glitter, as of spun glass, bearing bravely a rainbow troop of fancies but cracking ominously at times beneath the tread of thought. For now and then the procession is interrupted by talk of factories and railroads, national aspirations and geography, and the causes of historical events, reminding the uneasy reader how much better many less ornamental styles bear the burden of dull theories and facts. But before he can be seriously alarmed, and perhaps close the book forever, the gossamer bridge stops quivering and the iridescent shadows of the great resume their pageant. They could not have a defter pageantmaster.

In the delightfully bogus Second Empire, of which Mr. Guedalla is so fond, some nameless genius perfected the art of painting historical scenes on china. I have seen a delicate Sèvres tea service thus adorned with a set of Napoleonic battle pieces; on one cup tiny mortars belch orange flame against the walls of Ratisbon, on another a clump of Polish lancers charges at full gallop, and majestic, across the creamer, the Emperor reviews the Old Guard. This art is now revived in letters. The little flags flutter, the sabres flash, the dead are piled symmetrically. Every detail of the background is historical and finished with minute and loving care; the generals and statesmen are exquisitely life-like and stand in the most natural attitudes; the jewel-like uniforms of the soldiers glow with color; there is even a peasant watching the guns go by. It is all very gay and amusing, and very instructive, too, and terribly hard to do. Not the greatest art, perhaps, but one of the rarest.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Reviewing Reviews

THIS department is temporarily moved to the editorial page as a convenient way of illustrating a text that *The Saturday Review* has been expounding: the desirability of having history reviewed by historians. If there is any better general reviewer than Mr. Clifton Fadiman, the editor has not heard about him. Mr. Fadiman's intelligence, energy, and ability to be interesting about anything he discusses are unquestionable. On many things, on most fiction for example, we would back him against the field. But when he sets out to tell us about history he drifts off into fantasy.

Within the last few weeks Mr. Fadiman has been twice betrayed, by unfamiliarity with the methods and results of history, into judgments that would grievously mislead anyone who relied on them. Contemplating Mr. Woodward's "A New American History," he reached a conclusion that it is a good book. And the condition of Mortal Error indicated by that conclusion is demonstrated by his more recent and more extended remarks about Mr. Roeder's "Catherine de' Medici."

Mr. Woodward's book need not occupy us long. The last thirty years have completely made over American historiography; the field has been not only enormously extended but revolutionized as well. Mr. Woodward is innocently unaware of the process and its results. His book is as superficial and antiquated as a high school textbook of physics written in 1890, before wave mechanics, the quantum theory, and other basic concepts of modern physics were developed. A textbook, furthermore, that was written from notes which didn't quite get what the instructor had been saying—even in its own simple material it averages some three mistakes to a page, according to an estimate by a member of the American Historical Association at the recent meeting. Even if this estimate is an exaggeration, the book is inaccurate, unimportant, and uninformed, and its only interest is the morbid one provided by Mr. Woodward's opinions on matters about which he is not qualified to express an opinion and expresses none that a student of history is bound to respect. Nevertheless it satisfied Mr. Fadiman. "Offhand" he says, "it would be difficult to think of a more sensible and illuminating one-volume history of our country." Offhand the editor, who can think of a good many one-volume histories, cannot think of one that is anywhere near so bad.

Any readers of Mr. Fadiman who accepted that judgment and bought Mr. Woodward's book got a lot of misinformation about American history. What they got from Mr. Fadiman's review of Mr. Roeder's book is a lot of bewilderment. Part of it comes from Mr. Fadiman's failure to understand the book and the rest of it from his applying some dubious general ideas. Thus he ends with seven climactic questions, assailing Mr. Roeder for not answering them. Now, it is only in the sacred writings, in Marx and the "Book of Mormon," that history gives absolute answers. Questions are asked in the present; they result from a state of mind that can never be fully congruent with the past; their very phrasing is a partial coloration of the past. The answers that history gives must always be incomplete and tentative, conceding much to God and more to the irrecoverable formulas of chance. But the measure of Mr. Fadiman's bewilderment is that, within that limitation, Mr. Roeder's book employs a brilliant historical science to answer all of those climactic questions that can be answered and show that the others are absurd.

What troubles him is complex ideas. One would like to know, for instance, what the "great single magnetic conception" is that he reproaches Mr. Roeder for not adopting. If Mr. Fadiman has one he ought to release it, for history has signally failed to turn one up, especially in the sixteenth century. There isn't any—Mr. Fadiman is merely repeating the amateur's virginal demand for simplification and unity, joining the wishful chorus of the monists. Mr. Roeder, a historian, is content to find limited systems of interdependent facts where he can be sure they exist—and the great merit of his book is that it does find some and does establish them. They are still far from simple when found, but the student of history must learn how to deal with complexities.

Mr. Fadiman's lack of experience with them shows plainly when he opposes Elizabeth to Catherine. He appears to have derived two simple and extremely fallacious equations: Protestant=Bourgeois=Capitalist ("progressive forces"), and Catholic=feudal (dynastic)=non-capitalist ("non-progressive forces"). Even in those simplified terms, he misses what Mr. Roeder says. His question becomes: Why did not the French monarchy imitate the English in backing the Reformation? History abandons such ultimate questions to controversy, for they are essentially metaphysical. But in so far as this one can be answered, Mr. Roeder supplies a careful, detailed, and judicious answer. It is complex, of course: (1) the Italian ambitions of the French kings made combinations with the papacy desirable and their power in Italy made them possible, so that (2) by the Concordat of Bologna the French monarchy enjoyed most of those rights over the church which it was the object of Henry VIII to acquire. Also (3) because of the more solidly articulated structure of French society, the deep-seated sentiments and prejudices of the northern French, and the greater geographical and political accessibility of France to the propaganda of the counter-Reformation, about eighty percent of the French remained intensely Catholic. If comparable conditions had existed in England, Elizabeth would have stayed Catholic or lost her throne.

But Mr. Fadiman's equations are false. Only a porch-chair historian can entertain such simplicities, for the material of history is mixed and complex. The Protestant movement in France was essentially conservative, decentralizing, "fundamentalist." Its chief strength was in the petty bourgeoisie and the *petite noblesse*. And there were many strong capitalist elements among the Catholics: most of the large bankers, the great majority of the merchants, and the elite of the guilds. There was also a strong democratic element: the city proletariat was overwhelmingly Catholic and the peasants seem to have been also. In the presence of such facts as these—and there is no secret about them, see any modern history of France, see Roeder, for example—Mr. Fadiman's question loses all meaning.

In short, unfamiliarity with the materials of history and lack of training in its methods make Mr. Fadiman misunderstand Mr. Roeder's book and vitiate the judgment he passes on it. He reports a "somewhat jumbled impression." That, one is forced to conclude, is not Mr. Roeder's fault. But it italicizes the reason why *The Saturday Review* has historians write its reviews of history. Ideas derived from history are live and usable, and there never was a time when they were more important than they are right now. But they must be controlled by knowledge of the facts and skill in the methods of history. We are familiar with the damage done to history by impassioned zeal substituting for knowledge—you remember when the American Legion set out to do Mr. Woodward's job with a different but no more naive formula. A taste for grand and simple conceptions can do just as much damage. This magazine proposes to examine history with the greatest care and to entrust the examination to qualified historians. It is a field where only the expert can be trusted, where no one but the expert is worth anything at all.

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Letters to the Editor: *A Housman Variant; What Women Like*

Not a Misprint

SIR:—In your issue of January 9 John Haynes Holmes queries the reading of one line in A. E. Housman's "More Poems." The variation he notes between the reading of that line in the poem and the reading as it appears in the table of contents is a genuine variant, inserted by Laurence Housman himself. It is not a mistake.

The artist who drew the frontispiece of A. E. Housman is Francis Dodd. On the picture it is printed as Francis Todd but this is an error which was corrected in later editions.

BERNARD SMITH
(for Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)
New York City.

(According to another correspondent, the variant reading does not appear in the English edition.—Ed.)

Generalizations

SIR:—When you talk about Books Women Don't Like, don't you think you ought to say *what* women? In I. S.'s list, for example, I find three of my own prime favorites, Voltaire, Fielding, and Flaubert. I don't think taste in books is a sexual characteristic. In general, people like books consonant with their own temperaments and experiences, and women as well as men have changed since most of those authors wrote. I imagine most men also would be bored today by Sterne or Smollett. I have found that only one generalization is valid—and that is that generalizations generalize too much!

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.
San Francisco, Cal.

A Wyoming Library

SIR:—The day after I received an excited letter from a friend in Wyoming, telling me about the new library in the little town of Dubois, the *Saturday Review of Literature* with its "Library Crisis" editorial arrived.

Dubois, a town about ninety miles from a railroad station and with a population of 177, is starting a library with 800 volumes and five magazine subscriptions. No wonder you say that "there must be a highly efficient library system in Wyoming."

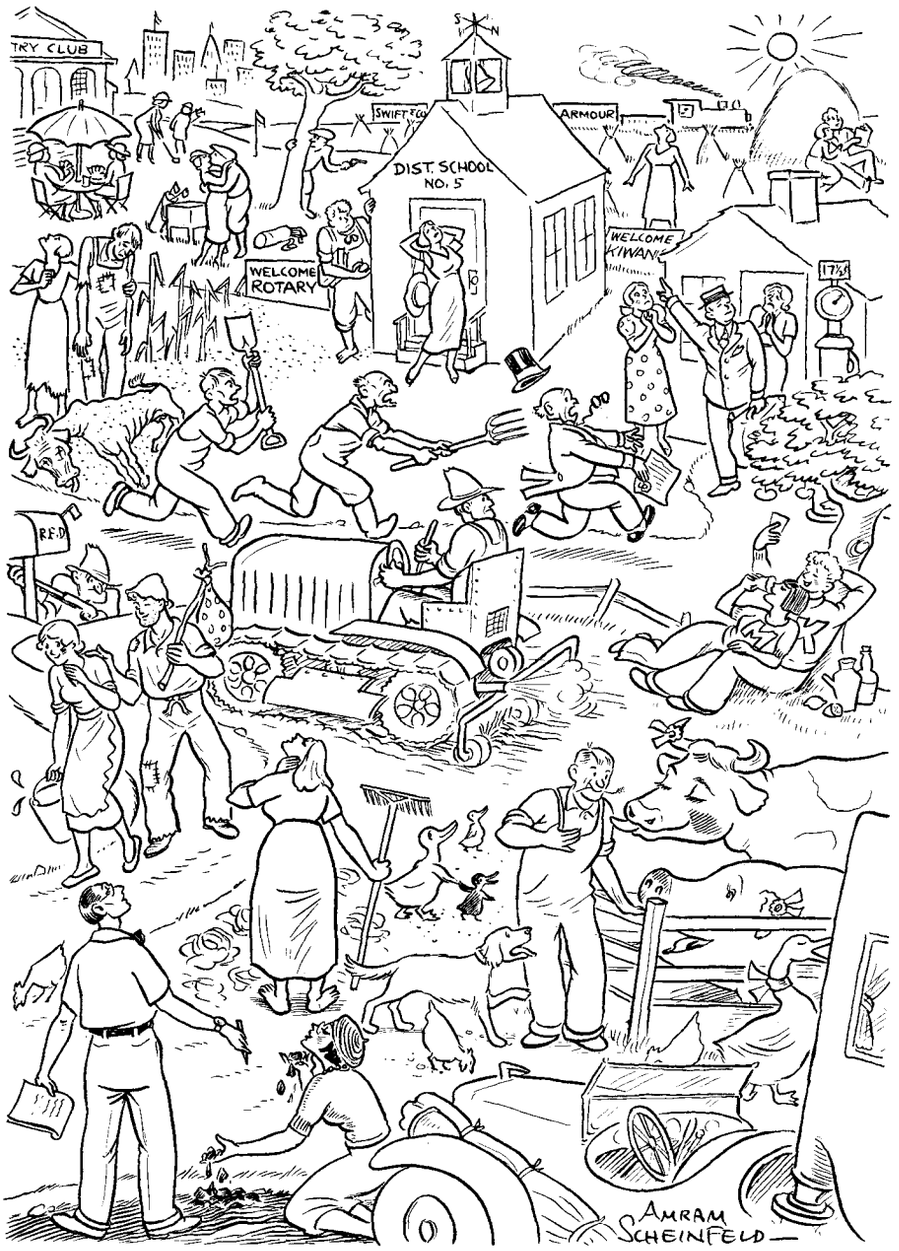
Being a librarian by profession (sometimes I think it was by birth) I should like to borrow some of that Western enthusiasm for both our library patrons and staffs.

KATHARINE D. PATTERSON,
Sullivan Memorial Library, Temple University.
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Beggers Ape"

SIR:—Because I received no proof before the publication of my introduction to Richard Niccols's "Beggers Ape" by the Scholar's Facsimiles and Reprints of 106 Seventh Avenue, New York City, I wish to explain a seemingly categorical statement in the final sentence. The gist of this sentence was that the Ape in "The Beggers Ape" and the Ape in Spenser's "Mother Hubberds Tale" represented the same man, Sir Robert Cecil. No one has ever stated in print that Spenser's Ape represented Cecil; but for reasons of unity and space I could not defend the theory there. My copy therefore bore a brief footnote to the effect that I should presently publish the interpretation elsewhere. That footnote was omitted entirely. May I say here that an article entitled "The Ape in Spenser's 'Mother Hubberds Tale'" will appear soon?

BRICE HARRIS.
Pasadena, Cal.



AMERICAN LITERARY SCENES, NO. 3: *The Good (Mid-Western) Earth.*

Erratum

SIR:—Through a slip in the manuscript, for which you are not responsible, an error appears in my recent review of Guérard and Plekhanov. As printed, I am made to say that none of the great Shakespearean tragedies is laid in England. The phrase should be "contemporary England," "King Lear" being, of course, a play about supposed English history.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.
Cambridge, Mass.

Fishing Cat

SIR:—Old Quercus's mention of the All-Nations prize book and the Rue du Chat Qui Pêche makes me think perhaps you are not familiar with a story by Edna St. Vincent Millay in *Century* some twelve or fourteen years ago. The title is (I believe) "The Inn of the Fishing Cat," and the story concerns the last remaining eel in a tank in a restaurant where the diner might order his dinner alive.

WILLIAM B. THOMAS.
Wichita, Kansas.

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Juicy Missiles for Pacifists

WE CAN DEFEND AMERICA. By Major General Johnson Hagood. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by
R. Ernest Dupuy, Major, F.A., U.S.A.

IT is unfortunate that General Hagood has seen fit to combine in one volume a rehash of World War history, some premises—both sound and unsound—upon national defense, some aspersions upon the War Department and particularly upon the General Staff, and lastly, some extremely interesting observations from his own long experience, upon the American soldier, his capacity for work, and what an enterprising commander can get out of him to the benefit both of the individual and the government. Doubly unfortunate, for the resultant pot-pourri, well seasoned with General Hagood's "they're all out of step but me" attitude, will not only cause much heavy breathing in the over-stuffed chairs of the Army and Navy Club but will furnish ammunition for every half-baked amateur seeking a short cut to national defense as well as providing juicy missiles for pacifists to hurl.

Not that General Hagood has wittingly adopted any other basic attitude than that of the true pacifist—the patriotic soldier, who knowing war, hates it and its horrors and desires only that his country be so strong as to prevent that calamity falling upon it. His avowed objective is adequate national defense. However, as he himself expressly states in his introduction—"Whatever I have to say is directed against an institution set up many years ago and the results of its gradual development." It is here that this reviewer feels that General Hagood, in his enthusiasm multiplying his objectives, has violated, as many other soldiers before him, several of the sound principles of war, to wit: the principles of the objective, of economy of force, of simplicity, and of coöperation. Hence his attack, losing momentum, bogs down in a mass of glittering generalities and bitter scoldings.

General Hagood proposes in brief, and I quote him, this defensive policy:—

> *First*, we can stay at home and attend to our own affairs.
>
> *Second*, we can build a fence around our property and warn everybody to keep out.
>
> But a warning must be backed up by a force. An ugly dog in the yard or a peaceful bull in the pasture is very discouraging to trespassers. If, in addition, to this, it be known that Uncle Sam has a shotgun handy, it may save considerable trouble.

He proposes abandonment of protection to our seaborne commerce; he dubs this country self-sustaining and independent for vital necessities except "rubber, chromium, antimony, and tin." And he makes some interesting and provocative arguments upon our future world policies. His defensive recommendations are first, a high-seas navy second to none; second, a permanent and powerful system of sea-coast-harbor defense; third, an up-to-date air corps of reasonable size, and fourth, an essentially defensive army based upon American needs. "Let us keep out of foreign entanglements," writes General Hagood. "Let us pray for peace but keep our powder dry." Here are sentiments which every patriotic American must applaud.

It is to General Hagood's proposed military remedies that most soldiers will take exceptions. He tosses aside the theorem that the best defense is the offense. He points out, and properly, that our geographical situation is enormously favorable to defense. But he is seemingly concerned only with east-west defense, and, urging modernization of harbor fortifications to prevent an enemy seizing a necessary base, ignores our north-south defense insofar as a mobile army is concerned. Yet—granted the friendliest relations with our neighbors—it might be logical to assume that the mythical enemy could make his base in their territory, willy-nilly.

But it is in his attack upon the entire existing scheme of national defense that General Hagood is at his worst. He ig-

Spanish Burning

BY AUDREY WURDEMANN

. . . The destruction this week of Liria Palace, seat of the Duke of Alba and Berwick in Madrid, by fire caused of insurgent incendiary bombs, wiped out one of the finest palaces and part of one of the most notable art collections of Europe . . .
—New York Sun, November 21st, 1936.

I CAN imagine water out of a rock,
Or God in a burning bush, with a fiery accusing hand;
I can imagine how the heavens darkened and the whole earth shook
On that first Good Friday: miracles like these are not hard to understand.

But it is hard, even as we see it, as we remember,
To know how any man can keep courage or pride,
Or find any peace or time for peace, in the number
Of those who pillage and slay, or have starved and died.

Men have endured somehow, through drouth and winter.
Some died; a small but a hardier growth remained,
Even as the sea-pine, precarious on a craggy splinter,
Splits the cliff with its root, forces the rock to retain it, finds substance and so is sustained.

Men can endure the things that earth does to them
Better than the passionate wrongs they do to each other,
Better than the crucifixion, the arenas, the gassed lungs, the bullets, the bayonets through them,
The child stabbed, still in the womb, the pain-mad mother.

Men have endured even these, and come out clean after,
With a lowered pride, perhaps, and a horror behind them,
And still they could learn again the uses of laughter,
And after a little the grass grows over the trenches, and there is nothing to remind them.

Knowing all this, still it is easier
To believe the miracle of the rod of Moses,
Than to think that men will ever again prefer
Peace, and thought, the olive groves and the garden of roses,

Since they bombed the castle and burned its façades and approaches,
And the mocking birds sang with terror in those fiery halls,
And the tapestries writhed like marvelous monstrous torches,
And El Greco and Goya charred upon the walls.

There are certain acts that shame this earth and its people:
The burning at Alexandria, the bonfire of books at Berlin,
While the righteousness of tyranny clanged from every steeple,
And clear flame turned to a filthy thing, and men canonized their sin.

A Caesar could loot the world, slay and be slain, yet decently value
The Antioch Cup or the art of Praxiteles.
Ask the burner of beauty, the civilized slayer, and he will tell you
That the Caesars were pagan and savage; nevertheless they were not of these.

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nores completely that this plan, quite apart from the hamstringing imposed by Congressional retrenchments, is the result of intense study by general officers of brain-power and combat experience equal at least to his own. An under-current of personal animus is apparent.

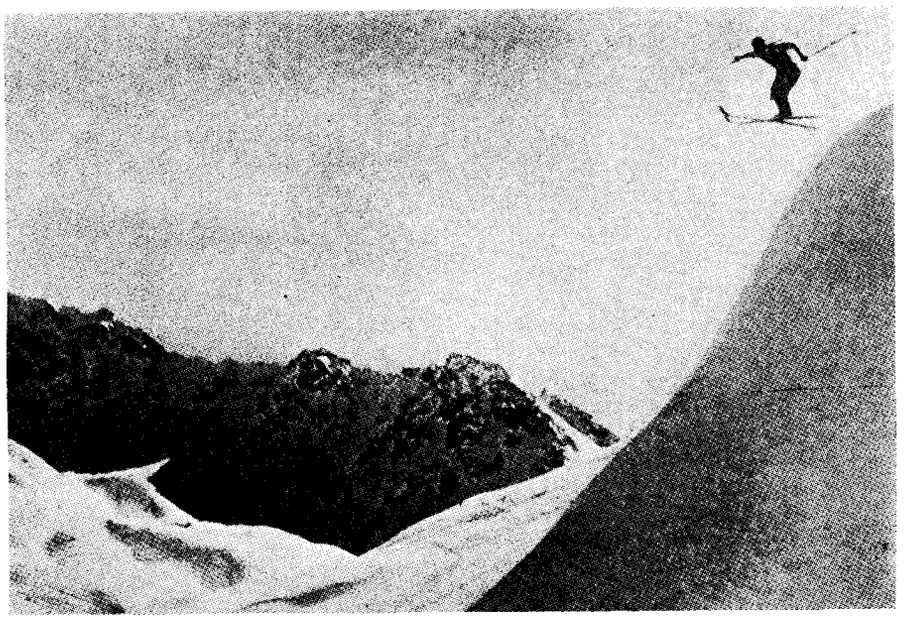
His shrewd and sound conclusions upon the value of the air arm and its limitations will be applauded by those who have paid any attention to the Japanese bombing at Shanghai and to present bombing operations against Madrid; they will bring shrieks of rage from those enthusiasts who feel that in air power alone must dependence be laid. There is much to be said for his plea for consolidation of the Field and Coast Artillery arms. They were one in the days when flying artillery went pounding into action at a mad gallop while their brethren in the heavies manned muzzle-loaders behind stone parapets. Why not now? However, his suggestion that Cavalry and Infantry be combined in one arm may not recommend itself to many.

His negation of the horse either as a weapon or a prime-mover will not be received with favor by students of Allenby's campaign in the Sinai peninsula. And as for the western front in the World War it must not be forgotten that cavalry was used—sometimes well, as the General admits; and, had it not been for the seven horses shot under him while he shuttled between an infantry battalion and two supporting batteries after all wires had been shot away, George P. Hayes, a young American artillery liaison officer, could not have accomplished the deed during the German attack of July 14-15, 1918, which won for him the Congressional Medal of Honor, and, as his citation states, "was an important factor in checking the advance of the enemy."

There is strong meat for the soldier in the General's exposition of his theories on rapid training. That he proved them workable there is no question; every Regular officer should take thought upon this matter. His theories upon the value of close-order drill and inculcation of discipline are debatable. His proposal of an acceptable combat uniform—"blue denim overalls with the letters U. S. painted or stamped on the back," is far-fetched. After all, personal pride is a large factor in that much-overused but necessary psychological factor—morale. And who can feel snappy in blue denims?

One result of reading General Hagood's latest book is an examination of personal military conscience; for that reason, if for no other, it may be valuable. It is deplorable that in his unmerited attacks upon the War Department and the General Staff, he has, by implication, besmirched his colleagues, his alma mater. On every page this book cries out: "They're all wrong but Hagood."

Major R. Ernest Dupuy is attached to Headquarters Second Corps Area, Governors Island, N. Y.



A GELÄNDESPRUNG FROM A CORNICE
From "Skiing: Fundamentals, Equipment and Advanced Technique."

Praying for Snow

SKIING: FUNDAMENTALS, EQUIPMENT AND ADVANCED TECHNIQUE. By Charles N. Proctor and Rockwell R. Stephens. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.75.

IMPROVE YOUR SKIING: A Comprehensive Handbook on Practical Ski Technique. By Frederick A. Hall and Nathaniel A. Benson. New York: Dodge Publishing Co. 1936. $1.75.

Reviewed by MARY LEE

THIS snowless winter brings forth two excellent works on the art of skiing. "Skiing," by Charles N. Proctor, now virtually the Dean of American Skiing, and Rockwell R. Stephens, is a scholarly treatise on the fundamentals, equipment, and technique of skiing addressed to those who are already expert. It takes up the sport where Mr. Proctor's "Art of Skiing," published in 1933, left off, discussing the fine points of the various turns for the benefit of the initiated, each technique illustrated by a series of small photographs, chosen from slow-motion moving pictures of experts in action, to illustrate the point involved. Its latter chapters go into downhill racing and the slalom, taking up such intricacies as the "vorlage," "the long, straight flush" and the "stem glade."

The 36 large photographs, taken all the way from high slopes of the Sierra, the Appalachians, and the Austrian Alps, bring the reader glimpses of breath-taking beauty. Indeed the whole problem of skiing is brought before the reader as the technical means to a definite spiritual end: the exhilarating individual experience of beauty. "The sport is both an adventure, and an esthetic experience," the authors tell us, and add comfortingly that "to savor both needs no special skill." "Any reasonably active person," they say, "can learn to ski with safety and pleasure." Given, one should perhaps add, winters when there is snow.

"Improve Your Skiing" is a practical handbook for the beginner. Its series of lessons in practical ski technique have been assembled by Frederick A. Hall, the President of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association, and Nathaniel A. Benson of the Toronto Ski Club, illustrated by clever photographs of a dummy posed in the exact positions which the skier must learn to assume for each manoeuvre. In the pictures you see and understand the elements of each turn. It is a book to be studied by the fireside of an evening, and then carried in one's pocket and consulted on the trail.

It explains the whole skiing business with a clarity rare in treatises on sport. The jargon of skiing is explained in language comprehensible to the Third Grade; the physics of weight measures, momentum, and resistance are made clear by diagrams; and for those who have not purchased their ski equipment there is a useful chapter that distinguishes good from bad.

These two Canadians have contributed one of the most useful books yet published in the growing literature on skiing on this continent. Its illustrations are clear and instantly comprehensible. Its format is small, compact, and light, which should make it a welcome addition to many a skier's rucksack. It may be studied profitably by every would-be skier this winter, even should the moment for packing the rucksack not arrive.

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Tolstoy's Last Year

THE FINAL STRUGGLE: Being Countess Tolstoy's Diary from 1910. Translated by Aylmer Maude. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

THIS volume contains Countess Tolstoy's diary of 1910 (the third book in her series), in which she chronicles her relations with her genius husband during the last year of his life, and the occurrences which led to his flight from Yasnaya Polyana and his subsequent illness and death at Astopovo. It includes a few excerpts from Tolstoy's own diary, an introduction by Aylmer Maude, Tolstoy's British translator and biographer, and a preface by the son, Serge L. Tolstoy, who belonged to the group, in the family feud, which was antagonistic to Tolstoy's wife, Sofya Andreevna.

"The Final Struggle" is a valuable addition to the numerous diaries and reminiscences which have been published by the various members of this very articulate family and should be read after the others. As a separate account purporting to convey the true story of the intrigues, deception, and gossip which overwhelmed the great man and his wife during that unhappy year, it is absolutely misleading. In his preface Serge Tolstoy expresses the hope that the publication of his mother's diary for this period will show how wrong V. G. Chertkov was in his "Last Days of Tolstoy," which he calls "a one-sided diatribe against her." But it will do nothing of the sort. Nor will the perusal of it help to lift the numerous calumnies which her own daughter heaped upon her. Those who love and respect Tolstoy, not alone as a great artist but also as a devout pacifist, and the most deeply compassionate thinker of his time, will find this heartrending tale incomprehensible. It is not only impossible to form an opinion on the basis of the information contained in this volume concerning the circumstances which made Tolstoy so unhappy and drove his ill, inhumanly harassed wife to hysteria, but it would be wrong—in every sense unfair both to Tolstoy and his wife—to form an opinion on the basis of this book without having read the preceding diaries and reminiscences. Countess Tolstoy's entries contain a great measure of truth. But because of her painfully unhappy state of mind her facts are enmeshed in a web of exaggerations and impossible accusations about Tolstoy's relations with Chertkov which will prejudice the uninformed. They will be unable to separate the errors of a pitiable, ill woman from the truth. The great man's own observations, though in one or two instances very pertinent, are too few to be of real assistance.

The people responsible for the final tragedy are not Tolstoy, or his wife, but Chertkov with Tolstoy's youngest daughter, Alexandra, and their associates. Chertkov, the great man's chief disciple, and publisher and disseminator of his religious books, was the driving force in all the machinations. Alexandra Tolstoy writes, in "The Tragedy of Tolstoy": "Chertkov's coming changed many things in our accustomed train of life." "Everything that came from father's pen Chertkov immediately read and criticized, sometimes asking father to change certain passages." And though the great man objected Chertkov insisted. At this time Chertkov also began to read the daily entries in Tolstoy's diary. Everybody seemed satisfied when in March 1909 Chertkov was ordered by the government to leave Tula, and the Tolstoy household resumed its normal life.

But in 1910 Chertkov was permitted to return. Now his manner was more aggressive. He not merely ordered the 82-year-old genius about and read his diaries but took possession of them. This act aroused the immediate opposition of Sofya Andreevna and brought a crisis. Prior to her discovery that Chertkov had carried off secretly her husband's diaries, their relations were amicable. She accepted his friendship for her husband and appreciated his services as publisher. In an open letter she defended Chertkov when he had difficulties with the government. The dissension began when the latter refused to return the diaries. At this point Chertkov insulted her, turned her husband against her, and forced Tolstoy to write the secret will making him the sole beneficiary of all his copyrights.

Countess Tolstoy was, however, a very formidable opponent. Without the help of her daughter, Chertkov would not have succeeded in doing so much harm. He found a willing assistant in Alexandra Tolstoy who avows her hatred for her mother. The reason for this unTolstoyan feeling she attributes to the fact that her old nurse told her that her mother did not want the child when she was born; had in fact tried to bring on an abortion, and did not suckle her as she did ten of her thirteen children. The fact that Tolstoy was now very old and had periods of complete loss of memory made it possible for Chertkov and Alexandra to do anything they liked with him and to plague and insult his ill and unhappy wife. Sofya Andreevna continued to fight. She insisted that she had a tacit agreement with her husband that the copyrights in his novels should be left to their children and grandchildren, and that only the income from his religious publications was to be public property. She pointed out that Chertkov had not deprived his own son of his great inheritance, and that her own children and grandchildren were penniless. But she was also concerned about her husband. In an entry in her diary of October 12, she notes:

> The children will not give up their rights without a struggle. It hurts me to think that so much evil will be aroused over the tomb of the man I love,—reproaches, legal proceedings, and all that is distressing!

To make sure that Tolstoy would not change his mind and destroy the will which he really hated, they were compelled to keep the aged genius continually dissatisfied with his wife. Every word she said was immediately carried to her husband. At the same time, they insisted that all they wished was to keep him tranquil and happy. Chertkov not only writes to Tolstoy about "the crazy will of a woman who does not love you, but hates your soul, and whom egotism, malice, and avarice have driven insane;" and that he was "allowing an outsider, a spiritually alien person to interfere in their relations"; but he enclosed a letter from a friend in which Tolstoy's wife is described as "a stupid, coarse woman, and a cruel jailer." Alexandra Tolstoy and her friends kept up the good work at home. They terrorized Tolstoy. The slightest kindness to his wife evoked a protest from the daughter. In order to escape their vigilance he began a second diary "For Myself Alone," which he did not show to Chertkov. In it he wrote August 25th, "Sofya Andreevna, poor thing, suffers unceasingly, and I feel the impossibility of helping her. I feel the wrongfulness of my exclusive attachment to my daughters." And on July 30, "Chertkov has drawn me into strife, and that strife is very hard and repulsive to me." And again, "Have received a letter from Chertkov containing reproaches and accusations. They tear me to pieces. I want to run away from all of them."

On their forty-eighth wedding anniversary, September 23, 1910, about a month before the catastrophe, Tolstoy had himself photographed with his wife. This kindness aroused a tempest of hate in his daughter Alexandra. She became hysterical and cried, "For the sake of a mother who does you so much harm, you have sacrificed a friend, a daughter!" When this friend and daughter once came in the room and found her mother extremely unhappy and crying hysterically she spat and left the room.

Little wonder that Tolstoy's wife was driven to the very brink of insanity. She was quite right when she said that she was surrounded by enemies. Tolstoy was the apostle of a pure communism utterly free of oppression. He hated law courts. He insisted that no man has the right to judge another. He maintained that God is love. But these two well wishers, his friend Chertkov and his daughter Alexandra, forced him to make a secret will which involved his children in a law suit, to deceive his wife, and finally to flee from a home torn by dissension.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Safety First

BORROWING the *South America Pilot, Vol. III* (West Coast, Corcorado Gulf to Panama) from *Santa Rita's* chartroom, with the skipper's permission, I used to think it's probably just as well that few passengers read that sort of literature. But for my taste in travel books it's perfect. The West Coast of South America and its deep-rolling Pacific offer queer problems for the navigator, and the Hydrographic Office, publisher of this work, is no romanticist. Our anonymous compiler writes with an eye single; safety, whether ashore or ashore, whether for hull or crew, is his one concern. He writes with consideration for those most urgently dependent on wind and current; many warnings apply rather to sailing vessels than ships under full mechanical control.

But O delightful, in a world of fuzz and favor, dream-stuff and glamor, in an era of cozenage and come-on, to find an author who gives no damn for the picturesque. H. O. looks with horror on a silver spread of breakers, warns you frankly about diarrhœa and drinking water, regards the Andes merely as useful trigonometry. He pulls no punches, blunts no edge of candor. He gets out an annual supplement (interleaved in blank for your own memoranda) to bring his facts to date. A new buoy, a creeping shoal, an improvement in sanitation, all are duly notified. So you mustn't read the 1928 edition, the latest, without reference to his pamphlet of corrections. I was glad to see that the 1936 supplement deletes his remarks about a famous Chilean port (p. 295) where he formerly frightened us about plague and said that salads should not be eaten. Nothing that the shipmaster needs to know is omitted, though that discreet officer will not always mention it to the tourist. At Pisco "large shoals of jellyfish are apt to choke the intakes of vessels lying at anchor." At Cerro Azul "there is a heavy surf which breaks constantly. Passengers and a large bulk of cargo are carried through the surf on men's shoulders." At Arica "the wreck of the armor-plated vessel *Manco Capac* lies in 7 fathoms about 600 yards S.E. of Condell Shoal." This is a remembrance of the war between Chile and Peru. Another more recent grimness is at Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe's island) where we find the wreck of the German cruiser *Dresden* in 35 fathoms. "It is marked at each end by a buoy." I was disappointed not to have a chance to get out to Juan Fernandez, which is about 360 miles west of Valparaiso. H. O. says its great landmark is the mountain *El Yunque* (the anvil), 3040 feet. On a path over the hills is a tablet in memory of Alexander Selkirk. It was not a bad place to be marooned: "the climate, though humid, is very healthy. Fresh water is good and easily procured; wood can be purchased; also beef of excellent quality, pigs, and poultry. Cherries, quinces, figs, strawberries, and peaches grow wild. The bay affords abundance of fish. Rock pigeons are plentiful in the cliffs, wild goats abound."

After Juan Fernandez the reader naturally turns to the other most famous islands off that coast, the Galapagos group. Of these H. O. says, "the southern sides are covered with soil and luxuriant vegetation," but in the margin of *Santa Rita's* well-thumbed copy some argumentative officer had written an exclamation, evidently contradictory, alluding mysteriously to horses.

You may imagine your pensive skipper, after passengers are abunk and snorting their fill, refreshing his memory of the various oddities of that voyage. The disconcerting habit of some known beacons being thriftily turned off on moonlit nights. Unexpected things sometimes go bump in the night along the Pacific sea-bottom, and the prudent shipmaster takes no chances. When the earthquake happened at Taltal (Chile) last summer *Rita* was not far away. She was shaken so violently by the submarine concussion that everyone thought for a moment she had struck an unknown reef. The officer on the bridge probably remembers H. O.'s remarks in Chapter I: "Blank spaces among soundings indicate that no soundings were obtained, and it may generally be assumed when the near-by or surrounding soundings are deep that in the blanks the water is also deep; but among shallow soundings or near reefs all blank spaces must be regarded with suspicion. A coast line can always be assumed to be foul unless it is shown to be clear." This is the kind of memo that the bridge meditates as you approach Valparaiso: "A sunken rock is said to lie about 24 miles south of Curaumillo Point and from 4 to 5 miles off Talca Point, but its existence is doubtful." "To ride out a norther one anchor with a long scope of cable is recommended, a spare anchor ready, and the ship ready for sea, with steam up." The 50-foot tidal wave that rolled up on Buenaventura in 1906 is still remembered; and at Arica there is a little black spot far up the beach that is pointed out to the visitor. It's the boiler of the U. S. sidewheel frigate *Wateree*, carried ashore by the maremoto of 1868. There's a postal-card reproduced from an ancient photo which shows the little ship, her ensign still flying at the jack-staff, sitting solidly inland with burros alongside her.

But for the passenger of inquiring mind what better reading is there? He knows himself in good hands, and a study of this outspoken gazetteer gives him all the more respect for his friends topside. Occasionally an unusual word causes puzzle. "Deratisation Certificates," that means the ship has been duly de-ratted. At Port Copiapo "it might be prudent to drop another anchor underfoot, as the rollers often set in with little warning, and the bottom is bad holding ground. Several vessels have been driven onshore here." At Antofagasta the anchorage "is full of lost anchors and cables." Also at Antofagasta add (from the new supplement) "the submerged wreck of the

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Test of Time

The suggestion perhaps most frequently made to us by our readers is, "Why doesn't The Saturday Review *sometimes run a review of an older book?" We have decided to start this as an occasional feature. Some of these reviews will be written by members of the staff, some by our regular reviewers; in addition, we invite contributions from our readers. The older books to be reviewed may be of various kinds: perhaps one week we shall devote this space to a book widely read in its own day but now generally ignored; another week to a book which everyone has heard of but too few people have read. The criterion is whether there is something new to say: there is no reason why a contributor might not attempt an original approach to a novel so widely known, even, as "The Way of All Flesh." The specifications are as follows:*

1. The book reviewed should be at least ten years old.

2. Reviews are not to exceed five hundred words in length.

3. Contributions printed as reviews will be paid for at our space rates; we reserve the right to use interesting excerpts from other contributions without payment.

4. Contributions should be sent to the editors of The Saturday Review *at 25 W. 45 St., New York City. They will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope carrying sufficient postage.* The Saturday Review *cannot be responsible for lost manuscripts.*

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1919. $2.50. *Modern Library Edition,* 1935. 95 *cents.*

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

ELEVEN years after writing "The Moon and Sixpence" Mr. Maugham was to work over its principal ingredients into a much better novel, "Cakes and Ale." The earlier essay does not quite come off; the ingredients fail to emulsify and are unimportant by themselves, and Mr. Maugham's usual narrative tact fails him. Seventeen years ago the book seemed shocking; on a second reading it just seems empty. Mr. Maugham has elsewhere more effectively made its chief assertion, that an artist cannot and need not bother to be a gentleman, and the fable it is here embodied in lacks force.

The trouble is twofold: the artist, Charles Strickland, is not sufficiently alive to count for much, and the point made about him is not only hard to prove, and here unproved, but rather preposterous as well. Thus, the death of the great artist of leprosy in Tahiti, blind, outcast, and ordering the destruction of his masterpiece, is doubtless most affecting as an idea. His dedication to his art and his obnoxiousness in using that dedication to explain a lot of rather breathlessly narrated brutalities are also thoroughly usable ideas. But they are not effectively translated into fiction. In order to be touched by Strickland's death or gratified by his artistic integrity and triumph, the reader would first have to believe in him as a great artist.

Fiction has few harder jobs than that of conveying the greatness of hypothetical and unseen paintings, and, even helped out by the suggestions of Gauguin, Mr. Maugham does not make good. Strickland remains something like a cardboard horrible, with unfortunate overtones of Murger. But a worse blemish is Mr. Maugham's far from novel solemnity about the Nietzschean necessities of genius. By the time Strickland has left his wife, starved in a slum, haunted the Marseille underworld, betrayed his benefactor, made his mistress commit suicide, and found self-expression with the noble savages, all for Art—the sum reads like a *fin de siècle* tract that is twenty years out of date. To see the author of "Of Human Bondage" looking older than the rocks among which he sits, his eyelids a little weary, is something of a strain.

The supporting cast is authentic but not vintage Maugham. Simple goodness is taken for its accustomed ride, and the usual epigrams are expended on the female sex. But, as with Strickland, Mr. Maugham has done it all a great deal better in other contexts, and this particular variation seems, in retrospect, little better than a rehearsal.

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Sofia about 600 yards 242° from north end of Horno Rock." At Port Flamenco "Pumas abound." At Port Chimbote the beaches are "much frequented by sea lions as breeding places."

Among the initials the mariner has no love for are "P. D." (Position Doubtful.) Our author mentions quite a number in his section *Dangers Off the Coast of Chile.* "Not infrequent seismic disturbances are felt on the coast of Chile, which movements probably extend to the bed of the ocean, with the result of altering its contours." Most of these reported reefs (some of them haven't been seen for many years) are a long way out. Lobos de Tierra and Lobos de Afuera, near the shore of Peru, are more considerable to the coasting trade. I seem to remember that one of the Chilean liners piled up on one of these not long ago, so H. O.'s cautions are well justified. The current in that neighborhood "seems to be both irregular and strong. Vessels have been set as much as 36 miles to the westward of their course in 24 hours, and at other times as much to the eastward." Believe me, the skipper gives them good clearance when a fog shuts down.

H. O., you see, thoroughly believes that nothing is gained by false optimism. His readers are the best kind of passengers, for they gain a healthy notion of the responsibility of the commander, and they attend lifeboat drill punctually. Nor does our author's strong sense of actuality stop at the pierhead. Of Mollendo, which I myself thought attractive and odd, he says severely "the streets are unpaved, dirty and dusty. There are no buildings of architectural importance, most of them being of mud and only one story in height." In his next supplement however he must mention the new (1936) *piscina* or municipal bathing pavilion, a grand place from which to watch that green surf (creamed with guano suds) lathering the rocks. It made me think of Shakespeare's sonnet (64) and the line that many a merchant might have quoted during depression—

> Increasing store with loss, and loss with store.

And among those one-story mud houses is at least one quite good bookstore, better than one would find in a similar Northamerican town.

The most one can ask of any writing is that it be appropriate to the mood in which it is to be read. I remember particularly our approach to the island of San Gallan, which lies close off the Peruvian coast, below Pisco. We were running northward alongside lion-colored cliffs of rock and desert, scalloped in fantastic brown jags. Clots and puffballs of mist lingered on the headlands; beyond the ochre-colored dunes always a blue-opal distance, sparkling under the low veil of cloud. San Gallan is a fascinating bumpy contour, steep fans and peaks of brown sand and a huge isolated rock like a thumb (H. O. says like a ninepin) off the North end. What a place, one couldn't help thinking, for buried treasure. But H. O., and quite rightly, had his eye on that white water to westward. That was Pineiro Rock; watch out for it. "When it blows hard and the weather tide is running there is such a confused cross sea that the whole space is covered with foam, rendering it difficult to distinguish. At such a time the mainland shore should be kept well aboard until past the rock."

Yes, the best kind of writing tells us what we really need to know. The sentimental stuff we can supply for ourselves. And though the passengers are not likely to read the *South American Pilot,* you can bet that the skipper knows it by heart. That's why, reading it in your berth, you fall so comfortably asleep.

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Letters on the Pacific Rim

(*Continued from page 4*)

deur verging dangerously on the aniline charms of the Riviera.

Why deplore the loss of unity if in its place we have twenty provinces? If only each had a voice, and there were less album poetry! But there is a drift to diversity, and a movement that is definite. Most of the voices are audible in the north. Robinson Jeffers's poetry has been uncoiling there a long time, immense and majestic, a perpetually recurrent miracle; something amorphous, as if distilled from mists and emanations in the alembic of that almost unreal littoral of Monterey Bay.

It was there, at Carmel, that Lincoln Steffens settled in his late maturity ten years ago: a sharp-witted, spiering Nestor, with an unquenchable curiosity in life and a delight in fresh utterance. He was a rebel, but the wisest of his company—and the trouble he gave himself in directing his little *Pacific Weekly!* It was this paper and his talk that gave the movement impetus.

Through his retreat passed writers, artists, scientists, politicians, businessmen, plain people. Then the Carmel Group came into being. The machine had jammed, and they came to inquire what had happened. Steffens inquired back, as stimulating as a gadfly. He had the belief that truth was as many-sided as a cube, and so he liked the "peripety" of Socrates, thrusting the same idea pro and con. The Group hadn't the cohesion to be really a group, and few of it lived in Carmel. It was something less and something more than a school: a loosely-knit, inquiring fellowship, less, for the more part, of the Left Wing than distrustful of dogma, whether Tory or abecedarial.

Many varied talents are attached to it, some of major importance, like Robinson Jeffers, and Professor Haakon Chevalier of the English department at Stanford, who is a considerable essayist and by choice a humanistic interpreter of sociology. Again, there is Ella Winter, who is carrying on *The Pacific Weekly*. Also the unwearied and febrile Upton Sinclair, who turns out books as a volcano pours forth lava and lately came within an inch of being elected Governor. The daemon of the group, one might say, is the towering, thistle-haired Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Nez Percé fighter, dithyrambic anarch, utterer of "The Heavenly Discourse."

Happily, they are rooted deeply enough in the scene. So are the novelists, Clarkson Crane, whose "On the Western Shore" never did get the attention it deserved, and John Steinbeck who, we hope, will drift back from polemics to more regional pictures like "Tortilla Flat." Robin Lampson, who wrote a novel of the Argonauts in verse, "Laughter Out of the Ground," is thoroughly tinged with the Sierra hues.

Of the women poets in the group there are Sara Bard Field (Mrs. C. E. S. Wood), Ethel Turner, the Englishwoman Elsa Gidlow, who appear steadily in our periodicals, and Hildegarde Flanner, of the fine, obsidian line, a genuinely fine craftsman, and Helen Hoyt, who is married to Professor W. W. Lyman, the leading Celtic scholar on the Coast.

Perhaps more widely known are the journalists, George P. West of San Francisco, a sharp commentator on Western politics, and Carey McWilliams, whose biography of Ambrose Bierce ended all Bierce biographies for a long time to come. McWilliams lives in the south, is a young lawyer, and does a page for the monthly *Westways*. It is the only column that amounts to anything on the Coast: detached, acidulous yet suave, dashing cold water on the raptures of the Southrons and whatever imbecilities crop up in the north. And there is cool-headed Paul Smith, in his twenties, an intimate of Steffens, whose accession as publisher of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, with William Chandler as his lieutenant, makes one more hopeful for journalism on the Coast.

In accordance with its editorial announcement of last Fall, The Saturday Review *publishes Mr. Jones's article as the first of a series to be devoted to the state of literary thought and endeavor in various parts of the country. Others will follow at irregular intervals, probably from six weeks to two months apart. The subject matter and points of view will vary widely, there being no intention of championing any theory or taking sides in any controversy but merely of reporting on a variety of problems and describing a number of enterprises. The editors' effort is merely to call to the attention of their readers aspects of the American literary scene that are too often neglected by critical periodicals.*

What shall be expected of creative writing? No more, no less than elsewhere, and we can only hope there are some who, despite their interest in unrest and readjustment will not let it interfere with their respect for pure Letters. Those poets gone muzzy with economics have been grinding out wares as tuneless as an ungreased cartwheel, and what more hideous warning do we need than the usual social novel? We can only pray that Charles Caldwell Dobie will follow his bent for placid analysis, that Dane Coolidge will remain the Herodotus of the desert lands, that young William Saroyan will inquire with increasing profit into the wanderers along the San Joaquin. What the professors can do ever so much better than the artists had better be left to them.

Where California differs is that when the machine jammed, ethnic strata were flung up into the light. The Mexicans, for example, that Steinbeck has gazed upon near the Monterey fish wharves. For the first time in a century, Chinese groups that had drifted away from tongs and the colonial set-up found themselves in a plight, and were thrown upon relief, with salvage of many strange histories. The very large Japanese settlements in the south, an imperium in imperio, would seem to offer much, but so far no explorer has penetrated it.

In letters, the south is far less interesting. There life is a fugue in unreality, as determined a facing-away from truth as the fiction of the *Saturday Evening Post* or the prose of tourist folders, and the thought-beats of it are set by the Walpurgis Nacht in dinner-jackets that is Hollywood. Nobody has yet been able to do anything with stage juveniles and soubrettes. It is too stagey even for the screen.

If the south, lacking a soil that is distinct and richly provincial, can't show very much beyond spindly transplantings, it has, apart from the region of cinema, a life that is not bare of the intellectual and creative. It has opinion and well-collated material in *Westways*, edited by the erudite Phil Townsend Hanna, with men like McWilliams and Farnsworth Crowder writing for it, giving it the distinction of being the only real magazine on the Coast.

McWilliams is perhaps better versed in Coastal literature of the day than anyone else, except Paul Jordan-Smith, the critic, and Jake Zeitlin, book-dealer extraordinary and expert in the manuscripts of the Spanish era.

The trend in the south, one perceives, is away from the urban to the finality of the desert, the bare, tremendous, Islamic empire, horrific in summer, with its sandy moraines, Funeral Range, Salton Sea, and impassable soda tracts. That's where a man is beaten down to nothing if he doesn't watch out. And this, not the little, prim oases at the lowland rim, is the real south. Deserts elsewhere have had their civilizations. But not this one.

These days it is beginning to yield something. Bourke Lee's lyric and staccato "Death Valley," Edwin Corle's "Mojave" and "Fig-tree John," portents of excellent things to come, and the essays of John Hodgdon Bradley, whose contributions to the *Yale Review* and his "Farewell Thou Busy World," an ephemeral sheaf, reveal the mind of an impassioned inquirer into the wilderness, perhaps the ablest since Clarence King.

True, the desert is not all of the south, and literature may happen, like a goldstrike or lightning—anywhere, even in the little paradises of the realtors. The roads on the desert, built and driven on with prodigal heroism, may wind up at a winter hotel, very expensive, housing a solitary dowager with her Pekinese. But that isn't the fault of the desert. It will not fail us. It is clever, wary, and implacable, no more to be conquered than the sea.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE is plenty of interesting work on the shelves this week. One of the best is *Frederick Mortimer Clapp's* "New Poems." But in regard to this, a small gadfly has got under my skin, because recently in *The New Masses, Isidor Schneider,* in reviewing this book and, among others, "The Collected Poems" of *Ford Madox Ford,* to which I wrote an introduction, placed the first high above the second and shook his head over what I could find in Ford. I think he's completely wrong. It seems to me that, if one can compare such incomparable poets, Mr. Clapp has yet to do anything so highly original as Ford's "On Heaven" or "A House." Naturally the backgrounds of the two poets are quite different, though I understand from Mr. Clapp's publishers that he has lived on three continents, which may make him "one up" on Ford. This is all rather by the way, but I had to get it off my chest.

"New Poems" (Harpers, $2) is a thoughtful book by a cultivated and scholarly man who has published three previous volumes of poems. The grappling of "the straining brain" with "the obstinate enigma" of existence is conveyed through its pages in language unusually exact and clear. There are also occasional flickerings of a philosophic and agnostic humor which is at its best in "Port Paradise" and "Insect Analogies." By saying what I did above I did not mean to imply that Mr. Clapp has not his own originality. One feels oneself gratefully in contact with an acute and searching mind, and with a craftsman of verse who never sacrifices exactly what he wishes to say to its exigencies, and at the same time uses varied rhythms in free verse and with rhyme, both interior and exterior, as an auxiliary grace and not as an impediment. The tone of the book is analytical for the most part but close attention makes each poem perfectly comprehensible — something that cannot be said for much modern work that arouses curiosity but, by being too elliptical, fails to satisfy it.

There is considerable variety in the mould of the different poems. Time, and the riddle of human history, and a recurrence of the mystery of the sea's "unending, undismayable assault, unending defeat," which finds its most condensed expression in "Waves at Night," (from which the above quotation is taken), search through the Self and the obscure workings of mind and emotion—are a few of the themes. Phrase and epithet are often most telling, imagery is adequate—note the brilliant metaphors in "Harpist in Symphony"—and curiously interesting conceptions are unfolded. One of the deepest poems it seems to me is the line-long irregular sonnet

BEYOND THE TIDE

The mind is its own lover. The dumb blood
Has earth-bound seasons, an ordaining sun
And moon being masters of its faltering flood
And lonely ebbing-out; its course is run
Under the summoning rush of a few brief years.
The flowers even in these tender fields
Hunger for what, in fructifying, sears,
And everything that lives by living yields
To clamors in its life of lives to be
That would not die with it. But clear and still,
Self-ordinate, self-fertilizing, free
Of even the dark seduction of the will,
The mind contrives its own eternity;
And all existence is the image of
The self-engendered object of its love.

This poetry is of our own day and hour—the modern mind speaking—and a particular mind both subtle and sensitive. It is, I think, Mr. Clapp's best work to date.

I wish to mention *Edna Dueringer Barrett's* "Mrs. Colletti & Other Poems" of last Fall (Los Angeles: Suttonhouse). Comment upon this book has heretofore been crowded out. There are four narrative poems of which "Polluted Stream" is the longest and has the most plot; but the title poem is the best as poetry. The slightest is "Old Mr. Sleeze," the only one not in blank verse, and "All Blizzards Cease" is not as successful as the first two mentioned. Mrs. Barrett uses blank verse rather monotonously, but has a deep sincere feeling for the tragedies of the poor with which all these poems are concerned. Her book is beautifully printed and well decorated by *Henry Shire.* The title poem, a study of murder and its aftermath, has impressive moments. This poet inclines toward a melodramatic way of expressing herself and telling her story, and needs to discipline this quality in her work. She may, however, go on to produce even better narrative. She has enlisted my interest, at least.

I should like to call attention to several commendable anthologies. The first is "Rare Poems of the Seventeenth Century" (Macmillan. $2.75) chosen and edited by *L. Birkett Marshall* for the Cambridge University Press. Saintsbury said that "the neglect of minorities is a serious and may be a fatal mistake," and here such poets have their day in court. *George Daniel* I had heard of, but such names as *Matthew Coppinger, John Hagthorpe, William Lathum, Sir Christopher Wyvill,* and most of the others, are as fresh as green grass to me. It turns out that they could do some charming things. The poem "On Lutestrings Catt-Eaten" appeals to me particularly for its title and for the expression "Thou caniball, and Cyclops catt." Here also for two dollars is "English Sonnets" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company), edited with introduction and notes by the famous *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch,* and ranging from *Sir Thomas Wyatt* down to a lucky youngster of twenty-two named *Robert Gittings.* This is distinctly worth your having. Likewise the Bruce Publishing Company of Milwaukee presents *Elbridge Colby's* prose work on "English Catholic Poets" from Chaucer to Dryden. "Shakespeare and Catholicism" is discussed in the middle of the book; and *Langland, Heywood, Marlowe (!), Lodge, Ben Johnson, Southwell, Crashaw,* and others are presented. As cognate to poetry may I mention also the charming small "George & Sarah Green: A Narrative," by *Dorothy Wordsworth* (Oxford Press: $2), edited from the original manuscript with a Preface by *E. de Selincourt?*

Coleridge as a Critic

COLERIDGE'S MISCELLANEOUS CRITICISM. Edited by Thomas Middleton Raysor. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1936. $6.

Reviewed by L. H. BUTTERFIELD

DEVOTED Coleridgeans will welcome Professor Raysor's assembling in a sound, orderly, and annotated text the whole body of Coleridge's literary criticism exclusive of his Shakespearean criticism, already admirably edited by Mr. Raysor, and the "Biographia Literaria." But the new volume, despite the rich variety of its contents, is of decidedly less interest than the volumes on Shakespeare. The first half of it consists of reports of and notes for the course of lectures in 1818, which ranged, after the manner of Coleridge, from European literature in the Dark Ages through the Elizabethan dramatists, Cervantes, Donne, Dante, Milton, Rabelais, Swift, Sterne, Asiatic and Greek mythology, and "Tales of Witches, Apparitions, &c.," to the well-known lecture on "Poesy or Art" and the lecture on prose style.

The section of "Miscellaneous Marginalia," which follows, contains amid a mass of less important things some twenty pages of newly discovered notes by Coleridge on Scott's novels. They provide material for a curious study in literary, and specifically in Coleridgean, psychology, and are of first-rate interest. There follow four early reviews, recently reprinted but here first included in Coleridge's works, of novels by Ann Radcliffe, M. G. Lewis, and Mary Robinson. The last sections contain the "Conversations with Henry Crabb Robinson and selections from "Table Talk."

The fact that there is relatively little material here printed for the first time is no indication that Mr. Raysor has had an easy editorial task. The contrary is true. Hartley Coleridge, whose edition of his father's "Literary Remains" is the main source for this new collection, was a free reviser and interpolater, and he imposed on his successor many a pretty problem in textual reading and arrangement. A brief study of the rich critical apparatus of the volume will prove instructive to the aspiring scholarly editor. All but those who admire the desultory brilliance of Coleridge's criticism to the very last marginalium will feel that more than one passage here painstakingly recovered must be regarded as an exercise in scholarly technique rather than as a contribution to criticism.

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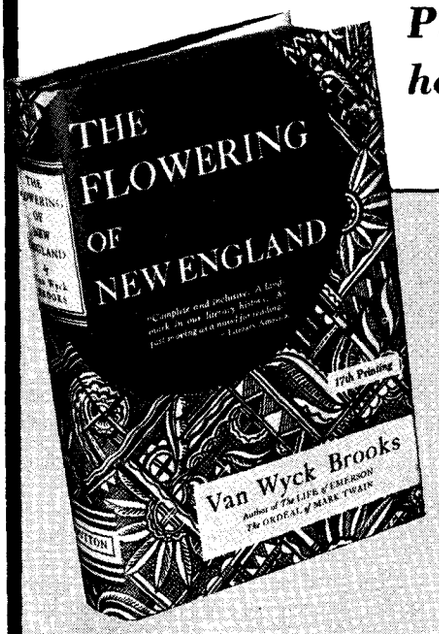

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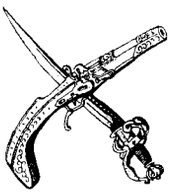

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The New Books

Biography

MARIE TEMPEST. By Hector Bolitho. Lippincott. 1937. $3.50.

Miss Tempest, originally Mary Susan Etherington, is today, in her seventies, the greatest modern comedienne of the English stage. Her career has covered over fifty years. Her last part was in the Fall of 1934, as Fanny Cavendish in the English version of "The Royal Family," called in London "Theatre Royal." About eleven years ago it was Noel Coward who, by providing her with the vehicle of "Hay Fever," brought about what might be called her "second blooming." One of her first hits was made way back in 1887, in "Dorothy."

Marie Tempest is a great technician, an accomplished artist. She has worked like a Trojan all her life. She has always kept strictly "in training." She has managed an aloofness unusual with people of the stage. Yet all London has loved her and the critics have fallen in swaths at her feet.

Mr. Bolitho faced a task not altogether easy in telling the story of this remarkable actress, for whom he has a deep affection and regard. Well as he knows her and her unusual husband, Graham Browne, Miss Tempest never took kindly to talking about her life. By the exercise of extreme patience and tact her biographer gradually gathered his material—and when it runs thin he reverts to her monumental books of press-cuttings. Altogether he has fashioned a most interesting and glamorous story.

And yet when one has laid the book down one finds oneself admiring the work of the interpreter more than the off-stage Miss Tempest. The actress who gets to the top of the tree has, of necessity, little time for her private life. That is not altogether true in this instance, but there is a hint of it. This brilliant woman has always given of her best from behind the footlights. But her career is astonishing and extraordinary.

W. R. B.

Fiction

THE INVADERS. By Stuart David Engstrand. Knopf. 1937. $2.50.

The character around whom this book centers is a young dirt farmer whose economic goal is some sixty dollars annually for cash expenditures, in exchange for which he is willing to work at monotonous and back-breaking tasks during every hour of the year when the weather permits. This moderate though unfulfilled ambition is supplemented by the less modest desire that the urban ten-cent-store sophisticate whom he takes to wife shall confine her romantic longings to those rainy days when he cannot work the farm.

The concept of the invaders runs through the book. First the bovine acceptance of life as a dull affair, which Fred and his peasant mother share, is broken into by the advent of a wife with lacquered toe-nails and a yearning for an occasional movie. The best note in the book is the author's treatment of the jealousy between the two women, each of whom impinges heavily upon the other. Then Miriam, after trying unsuccessfully to adapt herself to Fred's routine and personality, takes a lover—a fact which further invades the placidity of

(*Continued on page* 20)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE ARROW POINTS TO MURDER *Frederica de Laguna* (Crime Club: $2.)	Museum head poisoned, suspicious ethnologist asphyxiated, and asst. curator stops bullet before he finally quells wily killer.	Scientific background attractively drawn, our poisonous old friend *curare*, for once properly handled, and sleuth, though bungling, is believable.	Satisfactory
STORMY NIGHT *Christopher Hale* (Crime Club: $2.)	State Cop Bill French clears up three killings, blackmail, etc., in rather poisonous small-town social coterie.	Murder and action aplenty—but killer is so shadowy he might just as well not be in yarn at all.	Exasperating
THE MAN IN THE BLUE MASK *Anthony Morton* (Lippincott: $2.)	He was Lucky John Mannering to London society but to the peelers he was "The Baron," thief extraordinary.	Once there was a cracksman named Raffles—and the Baron is his fifth cousin by marriage twice removed.	Pretty thin
EIGHT O'CLOCK ALIBI *Christopher Bush* (Holt: $2.)	Fiendish grampa slain just before he drives angel child mad. Ludovic Travers regretfully spots killer.	Begins well, but yarn gets lost in maze of sub-plots that quite take edge off surprising solution.	Maybe

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Art of the Night

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

IN "The Wingless Victory" and "High Tor," both currently available to the theatrical and bookstore trade, Maxwell Anderson again affords ample proof of the fact that if drama consisted merely in beautiful weavings of the English language he would be the best of present-day American dramatists. Drama, however, consists in something more than that, and it is because he has not yet mastered these vital other elements that his position remains one considerable rung, at least, beneath his aspiration.

Mr. Anderson's uncommon virtues and regrettable shortcomings are once more visible in the plays noted. Both contain much lovely song. Both—the second named in particular—disclose a mind and a point of view infinitely superior to the playwriting general. And the second combines with its other qualities a sound originality and a small measure of that precious after-image, a small measure of that day-after recollective warmth, which in its full is the stamp and mark of important drama. But both, the superior second as well as the inferior first, lack the strong, taut, purple cords to tie up and bind closely into a whole their isolatedly commendable elements and their periodic stirring notes of dramatic music. "The Wingless Victory," accordingly, emerges simply as a poor, rickety play garnished here and there with a sympathy-coddling philosophy and with some flights of ear-oiling poetry and "High Tor" as a brave attempt at fantasy whose language is in fine key with its plan and any number of whose separate incidents are dramatically first-rate but whose whole is defectively articulated and not a little disturbing in its failure deftly to dovetail its rapidly shifting moods. It is, this "High Tor," immeasurably better than most other American gestures in the direction of dramatic fantasy, but the rich benefits accruing from comparisons should not be, as they seem in certain quarters to have been, converted into an independent base for a shaft of golden criticism.

"The Wingless Victory," remotely reflecting the Medea legend and at the same time more immediately repeating the thrice-told tale of the New England sea captain who brings back to his hidebound home a Malay woman as wife, employs the familiar materials as a funnel for a diatribe against racial, religious, and moral bigotry. What eloquence the author's well-molded phrases bring to his argument his uneloquent dramaturgy largely invalidates. One gets in the theatre the impression of a lawn full of beautifully upholstered furniture waiting to be moved into a locked house, with the movers occupying their enforced leisure in happy bouts with the booze bottle. The air is full of lush impulse and potential movement, but the door remains stubbornly closed. And gradually one grows weary with waiting. "High Tor" is an effort to combine the Rip Van Winkle legend with the creatures of today's world, an attempt to brew from a kind of modern Catskill "Midsummer Night's Dream" a contrast between the ghosts of yesterday and the flesh of today and to distil out of it the philosophy that reality suffers no escape and that the impossibility of escape is not without its compensating reward, however evanescent. The play contains episodes and passages that flick the mind and touch the heart; it sometimes, though less than the same author's "Winterset," transforms the stage into an orchestra platform warm and vibrant with the melody of winged writing; but it remains in its entirety the dream of a drama on its way into the theatre. For such dreams, albeit unrealized, the theatre must, of course, be sentimentally grateful; it is not vouchsafed many of them in these days. Yet criticism haplessly must deplore what sentiment too often finds wholly satisfying. Mr. Anderson, applaudable as he unquestionably is, finds his rich materials in the end his master. Not his master, true, when it comes to words, but his master nonetheless when it comes to compact, coherent drama.

The library in all likelihood, as the library sometimes, though surely not always, does, will deceive the reader into perceiving the drama in both plays that the stage denies them. In this, the reading eye is like the ghosts of "High Tor" as opposed to the stage's breathing, actual creatures in the same play. It represents, as faultfully as Mr. Anderson's dramaturgy, the fantastic imagination in a disjointed pilgrimage with realism. I recall once, and not so long ago, speaking to a celebrated dramatist about a play that I had recently read in manuscript—the work of a novice—one scene in which had made a considerable impression upon me. "It's good, very good," he agreed. "In fact, it's damned good. The only trouble with it is that it won't play." "Why?" I asked. "The answer to that *why*," he returned, "is the difference between damned good writing and damned good playwriting."

Maxwell Anderson is a damned good writer, but thus far—

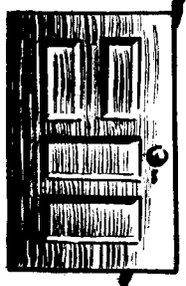
Mr. Nathan's first play, "The Avon Flows," is to be published February 5, and will be reviewed in next week's issue.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 148)

MARQUAND—
"THE LATE GEORGE APLEY"

I wish I were not always resting beneath the umbrella of my own personality. . . . Sometimes here on Pequod Island and back again on Beacon Street, I have the most curious delusion that our world may be a little narrow.

"AAA"—top rating by DONALD GORDON in "American News of Books"



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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Q. Associates are interested in B. W. Huebsch's idea for an Institute of Publishing, which was put before the National Association of Book Publishers, at its annual meeting last week, by Stanley Rinehart. The function of the Institute, to quote from Mr. Huebsch, "shall be to care for all matters relating to history, tradition, practice and aspirations of the trade." ☞The first specific proposal for the Institute is the establishment of an annual lectureship, the lecturer to be selected "on the basis of achievement in furthering the interests of the publishing trade." It is also proposed that the lecture be published in book form both in order to circulate its subject matter, and to stimulate friendly competition among book designers in the production of the volume. "The effect of this project," says Mr. Huebsch's memorandum, "would be to impress the public with a sense of the higher aims of the trade, it would publicly symbolize the intrinsic aims of our vocation, it would react favorably on the workers in our trade because of the evidence that honors are earned not alone by commercial success but by service. . . . The dignity that would attach to such an annual ceremony would be useful in reminding ourselves of our responsibility to the public, and in reminding the public of our aims in the field of education and letters."

☞Courtlandt Canby, son of our own H. S. C., recently got aboard an English steamer in the Persian Gulf. (He was on his way back from digging tombs—ancient tombs, not fresh ones—somewhere in Irak.) He seized a Bombay paper to see what the world had been up to; its leading item of foreign news was that the first reader of Colonel Lawrence's *The Mint* was Henry S. Canby of New York.

☞Two books that Old Q. intends to recommend con mucho gusto are the new Dorothy Sayers, *Busman's Honeymoon* (which describes how Lord Peter Wimsey and his bride Harriet Vane ran into a murder during their wedding seclusion) and C. S. Forester's *Beat to Quarters*, a rousing good yarn of sea fighting off the coast of Salvador in the early nineteenth century. ☞The Quercuses jointly and severally are startled by the big drive on Pushkin (centenary of his death) which is sponsored by as amusingly miscellaneous a committee as was ever not gathered together. ☞We often wonder how the various members of these committees for Good Causes would get along if they had to know each other. ☞Old Q. never read any Pushkin and always has a horrid desire to murmur *off again, Onegin, gone again, Finnegan.* ☞A committee that will never be formed would be to revive Brann the Iconoclast who was worth a whole bagful of Russkies. Wilbur Macey Stone writes, "I consider him the cleverest vituperative writer of modern times." ☞We are enormously interested in the Kipling Autobiography now running serially in the *New York Times;* already it shows itself unusually revealing in matters of temperament. ☞A book that has been building up a lot of friends is *The Late George Apley* by J. P. Marquand. ☞The trade looks on Guedalla's *Hundred Years* as a sure bet; did you notice that this was the book Mrs. Simpson took with her to read on her flight from Britain?

☞The story of *Ferdinand* (El Toro Ferocio who wouldn't fight), continues to delight Viking Junior Books by piling up orders. And from the Viking office comes this delightful

Ode to Ferdinand

I make obeisance to a bull
Who never found his day so full
But he could while some passing hour
Beneath a cork tree with a flower.

When other bulls would fight and butt
He said the bull-tongue word for "Tut"
And ambled off across the field
To see what scent his flower would yield.

He asked but little of the world
But curled (if one could call it curled)
Wishing no warm and hay-stuffed shed
But just a cork tree overhead.

And when a wild blood-thirsty horde
Proclaimed him as a fierce war-lord,
In that, his very hour of hours,
He just sat down and smelled the flowers.

Oh Ferdinand! If but the world
Could know the peace you found,
Then would no tons of death be hurled
Nor trenches carve the ground.

And brothers would not fight when paid
To die for soulless Powers.
They'd lie there in the cork tree's shade
And, happy, smell the flowers.

ROBERT SMARIDGE.

☞We have often had occasion to refer here to the many romantic traditions of 45th Street. We do not forget, for instance, that in this very building at 25 West 45 Messrs. Mencken and Nathan once edited the old *Smart Set* and issued that famous humorous leaflet *Suggestions to Our Visitors* which is one of the treasures of our Americana collection. One of their reassuring instructions (No. 15) was "It will be unnecessary for lady authors to provide themselves with duennas or police whistles." ☞Another (No. 9): "Solicitors for illicit wine merchants are received only on Thursdays, from 12 o'clock noon until 4.30 p.m." ☞We do not believe that in the history of the world any editors had more fun than Mencken and Nathan in those days.

☞Mrs. Kingsley of Double-Crostics has contributed another revision to Webster's (you'll remember her correspondence with the Merriam Co. about the definitions of Arkwright and Hargreaves, printed three weeks ago with William Rose Benét's article). This time it's over the definitions of Themis and Clymene, both of whom, according to Webster's, are the mother of Prometheus. This will be changed in the next edition, says the Merriam Co., but they don't say whether Themis or Clymene will be appointed full-time mother.

☞The Trovillions, whose private press is at the Sign of the Silver Horse in Herrin, Illinois, send us a copy of an attractive little item: *Love Letters of Henry VIII*—a series of eighteen letters which passed between Henry and Anne Boleyn from 1509 to 1547 and one letter from Anne to Cardinal Woolsey (so spelt). The edition consists of 138 numbered copies most of which were for presentation at Christmas. There are, however, a few remaining which are for sale to collectors.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 18)

the old life. The lover, Hart, is a thinker and a leader of men who rouses Fred and his neighbors from their lethargy, organizes them, and manœuvers them through a strike.

The book ends rather tamely with the invaders returning (whether in victory or defeat or for an attack by fresh recruits, is not clear) and Fred settling down to till a new crop, with a new wife, more attuned to him temperamentally, in the offing. If propaganda is to be put across through the medium of the novel, then Mr. Engstrand serves it in satisfactory proportions: concern over and description of economic ills with suggestions as to how they may be combatted are widely interspersed with personal drama. Though the author is clearly intelligent, observant, in sympathy with the handicapped, the book nowhere shows unusual merit either in conception or in execution. The reader finds no difficulty in accepting the publisher's statement that "The Invaders" was written in twelve weeks and is an outgrowth of twelve months which its author spent farming. But Mr. Engstrand shows talents which may make a future book, one springing from a more profound experience, worth waiting for.

P. S.

THE HAUNTED OMNIBUS. Edited by Alexander Laing. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $3.

Mr. Laing has got together an original sort of anthology of ghost stories. One might count on that if one has followed Mr. Laing's own "thrillers" as well as his serious novels and poems. He is a hearty and brilliant individualist. He doesn't claim to be an orthodox editor, thank Heaven! He has examined many other collections, naturally, but found "much less duplication than I had assumed." He

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therefore "determined neither to include nor to exclude any story merely because it is well known." He finally decided to put in, as his longest piece, Wilkie Collins's out-of-print "The Haunted Hotel" rather than Henry James's marvelous "The Turn of the Screw" which latter, he points out, "is everywhere available in The Modern Library." A special feature of the book is what one might call the "filler material"—except that the interpolations are apt and telling. Many are drawn from the fascinating John Aubrey. At the very beginning of the book, after the most ingenious "August Heat" by W. F. Harvey, we have a prize-winner from *The New Statesman's* competition for a ghost story to be told in 200 words—and it's a knock-out. Along with the most modern examples, Mr. Laing has also drawn upon such classics as the Panchatantra, the Grettis-Saga, Beowulf, and The Arabian Nights. Here are De Maupassant's "The Horla," Stevenson's "Markheim," and Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart," but also Blackwood's "The Wendigo," O. Henry's "The Furnished Room," W. W. Jacobs's "The Monkey's Paw," and highly original stories by A. E. Coppard and Saki. Bierce's most famous tale is not forgotten, and the remarkable Montague James is represented by several. Here are F. Marion Crawford, too, and W. L. George, Lafcadio Hearn, and Arthur Machen, May Sinclair, and Edith Wharton. We should say that no anthology of ghost stories compiled so far has had a greater range, from the blood-freezing type to those with a fantastic or even humorous twist. Mr. Ward has done a properly eerie jacket for the volume, and his illustrations are fine and shuddery. Even, we think, the thorough ghost-story addict will find a few yarns here with which he is not familiar. "The Haunted Omnibus" is literature and also a series of exciting adventures.

W. R. B.

RETURN TO LIFE. By Erich Ebermayer. McBride. 1937. $2.

The idea of a prisoner's return to life, coupled with the idea that there has been a miscarriage of justice, will hold out to the novelist a variety of possible treatments. He may decide to make it a psychological problem in adjustment and renascence, or he may broaden it out into a more profound study of social justice, as did Jacob Wassermann in "The Maurizius Case." In Erich Ebermayer's novel the problem is more simply presented, in the form of a strange romance between the released prisoner and the daughter of the woman he has been protecting. The element of injustice is transformed into a kind of suspended mystery that is resolved at the very end, just as the guilty woman dies and the lovers are united. The story is facile and interesting enough, yet one reads along with the uncomfortable feeling that pregnant symbols have here been wasted in the telling of a tale too simple for them. Possibly Mr. Ebermayer himself felt this same misalliance between materials and use, which would account for the occasional pages that are heavy and overwrought with a philosophical emotion the book as a whole does not possess.

N. L. R.

The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

A New Magazine

SIGNATURE, a Quadrimestrial of Typography and Graphic Arts. Edited by Oliver Simon. London. 1935-6.

WHEN the late *Fleuron* lived up to its promise, and committed suicide after seven numbers, the way was opened for a successor. In this country the *Dolphin* was born, and has issued two numbers, with a third promised, imitating the *Fleuron* in the casualness of its date of issue. In England Mr. Oliver Simon, the original editor of the *Fleuron,* commenced in November of 1935 the publication of *Signature,* to be issued every four months. The first four issues are now before me, and the contain a feast for the eye as well as the mind.

It would take more space than I have at command to list the contents of these numbers: the articles range from accounts of English typography in the XVIIth century to articles on modern individual typographers and artists in the graphic arts, from accounts of new type faces (written with somewhat less ponderousness than those in the *Fleuron*) to book reviews. There are inserts showing the use of type, and reproductions of the very best work being done in England such as "The Woodcut Calligraphy of Reynolds Stone," and examples of modern English pictorial art.

The printing of this new magazine is not only good, but it is interesting, restrained, and effective. There is no attempt to be ultra-modern (and when ultra-modernity is achieved it is always at the expense of "dating" severely a year hence!), but there is a competency about the typography which admirably befits the unassuming format. Of course the grain of the paper runs the wrong way—but one has to put up with that in English printing.

I shall have more to say of this new journal as subsequent issues appear: in the meanwhile it is worth ten shillings of anyone's money to have so workmanlike and refreshing a magazine come on the table.

Morte Darthur

MALORY: Le Morte Darthur. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1936.

For this edition of Malory's work, the text as modified to modern spelling by Mr. A. W. Pollard has been selected. The Morte Darthur was first printed by Caxton in 1485, and subsequent editions have followed his, since the MS has disappeared. The English of Pollard's version is just sufficiently archaic to make interesting reading without spoiling the sense to a modern reader.

With successive editions, various designers have tried their hands at illustrating the stories. Perhaps the worst, as illustrations to go with type, were Beardsley's—he should have had a typographer like Will Bradley to help him out! Morris's projected edition would have been magnificent, but he only lived to get a few pages arranged. The present edition has been adorned, rather than illustrated, by Robert Gibbing. Each of the over sixteen hundred pages has its wood-cut dec-

FIRST EDITIONS OF TODAY AND HOW TO TELL THEM

BY H. S. BOUTELL

New, revised and enlarged edition

AN invaluable book for collectors of "modern firsts." More than two hundred publishers are represented in this completely new edition, as compared with the hundred and thirty-six in the original book, which was published in 1928. The book consists of statements by the various publishers themselves as to the signs (or absence of them) by which their respective first printings are to be identified. It will thus provide the collector with a cheap and handy means of checking the new books he buys or considers buying. Blank pages are provided at the end of the book for the collector's own notes. If not available at your bookstore, order direct from the publisher. Price $1.50. Address orders to Dept. SRL

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

227 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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oration. Where he introduces illustration, it is good: his leaf motives seem to me much too coarse in scale. Knights, and ladies, and armorial bearings, however, are decorative and appropriate.

The book has been printed by the Golden Cockerel Press, in an excellent and readable type. The format is in slim folio, and the binding is printed paper with cloth backs. As usual, our English friends have ignored the grain of the paper, and the pages are stiffer than they should be. On the whole, the edition is interesting, and the books are very readable and convenient to hold for such large ones.

Several Books about Books

Richard Bentley's Work. The twelfth number of Horace Walpole's "Miscellaneous Antiquites," as now carried forward by Mr. Wilmarth S. Lewis, contains reproductions of drawings by Richard Bentley for Walpole's "Fugitive Verses." As in the case of all the ten numbers issued by Mr. Lewis, exquisite care has been taken with letter-press and reproductions, and there is the usual lucid, antiquarian note by the distinguished Walpole collector.

Samuel Richardson, a Bibliographical Record. The first definitive bibliography of Richardson, novelist and printer, creator of "Pamela," has been done by Professor William M. Sale, Jr. The distinguishing characteristic of the quarto volume is the inclusion of near a hundred small but legible reproductions of title pages, making unnecessary the difficult transcription of such pages.

Gutenberg and the Catholicon. Mr. E. Byrne Hackett has distributed an incomplete copy of the Catholicon of 1460 in separate sheets, with a treatise on the book, a census of known copies. The account of the great first Latin vocabulary by Joannes Balbus has been written by Miss Margaret Stillwell, Librarian of the Annmary Brown Memorial at Providence. It is a succinct and masterly presentation of all known details of the printing of the book, and a carefully weighed estimate of Gutenberg's connection with it. The heavy subject is treated with scholarly deftness.

An Aldine "Privilege." Robert F. Lane, of Vancouver, Washington, has issued in Latin and English the text of a privilege issued to Aldus by the Doge of Venice for the exclusive use of Greek and of italic characters. The little book preserves to an astonishing degree the quality of Aldine printing.

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Double-Crostics: No. 149

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-J	2-O		3-I	4-R	5-J	6-Q	7-N	8-P	9-T		10-R	11-O	12-L	13-K		14-B	15-J
	16-G	17-M	18-A		19-D	20-H		21-I	22-K	23-U	24-P	25-M	26-D		27-F	28-I	29-R
30-S	31-E	32-G	33-K		34-G	35-C	36-A		37-E	38-M	39-H		40-G	41-B	42-C		43-X
44-L	45-R	46-N	47-G	48-E		49-U	50-P	51-T	52-X	53-Q	54-R	55-L	56-B	57-F		58-A	
59-K	60-A	61-I		62-B	63-I	64-C	65-G		66-M	67-W	68-Q	69-V	70-U		71-A	72-E	
73-S	74-G	75-B	76-H		77-E	78-I	79-L	80-B	81-E	82-Q	83-K		84-V	85-M	86-G	87-F	
88-K	89-B	90-X	91-D	92-G	93-U	94-J	95-P		96-I	97-W	98-J	99-E	100-R	101-X		102-H	103-A
	104-S	105-B	106-A		107-P	108-K	109-U	110-O		111-E	112-C	113-A		114-K	115-X	116-U	117-Q
	118-S	119-P	120-B	121-A	122-C		123-Q	124-N	125-R	126-F	127-K	128-L	129-G	130-L	131-P		132-W
133-M	134-B	135-P	136-F		137-G	138-H		139-R	140-O	141-I	142-L	143-W	144-M	145-S	146-E		147-A
148-W		149-M	150-I	151-F	152-V	153-N	154-D	155-U	156-W		157-A	158-H	159-F		160-U	161-V	162-W
163-E		164-O	165-D	166-T	167-U	168-L	169-O	170-X	171-G		172-S	173-V		174-H		175-F	176-V
177-L	178-R	179-M		180-J	181-I	182-M	183-P	184-E									

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Marked by abrupt transitions or operations.

B. Party affiliated with ecclesiastical Anglicanism. (2 wds.).

C. Mountain nymph (Gr.).

D. German economist (1818-1883).

E. Ancestry.

F. General and indiscriminate.

G. Author of famous "Letters" to his son.

H. Translucent; glassy (as the sea).

I. Ascribed by way of cause.

J. Highest voice part.

K. Entrance; outset.

L. Going beyond.

M. Rickety.

N. Portable canvas lodge.

O. Concord.

P. Negation of being.

Q. Lay in wait.

R. Special consideration.

S. Symphony by Mendelssohn.

T. Uppermost.

U. Alert (comp.).

V. Influx.

W. Not of high birth.

X. Margin for action.

WORDS

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
157 36 60 103 18 58 121 71 106 113 147

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
14 134 56 105 89 62 120 75 80 41

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35 64 42 112 122

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19 154 91 165

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37 99 146 81 111 31 163 48 184 72 77

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27 126 159 57 175 151 87 136

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150 96 21 181 28 3 78 141 63 61

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177 12 79 128 142 55 44 168 130

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133 17 149 179 85 182 66 25 38 144

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2 140 164 110 11 26 169

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24 119 135 131 50 8 183 107 95

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4 178 100 54 10 45 139 125 29

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145 118 172 104 30 73

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160 155 70 167 23 109 116 49 93

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161 152 173 69 176 84

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
162 67 97 132 148 143 156

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
43 115 170 52 90 101

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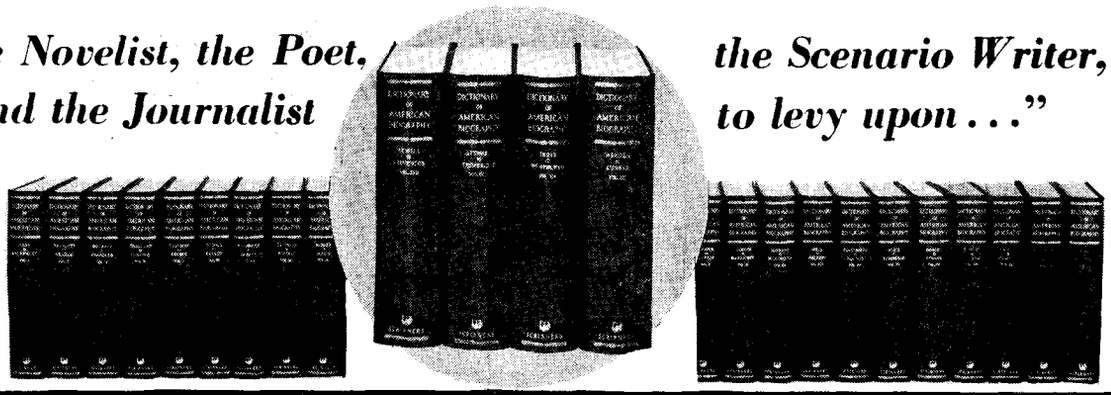

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